

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE  
**LIVES OF THE  
PRESIDENTS**



The Mount  
Vernon Home  
of  
Washington



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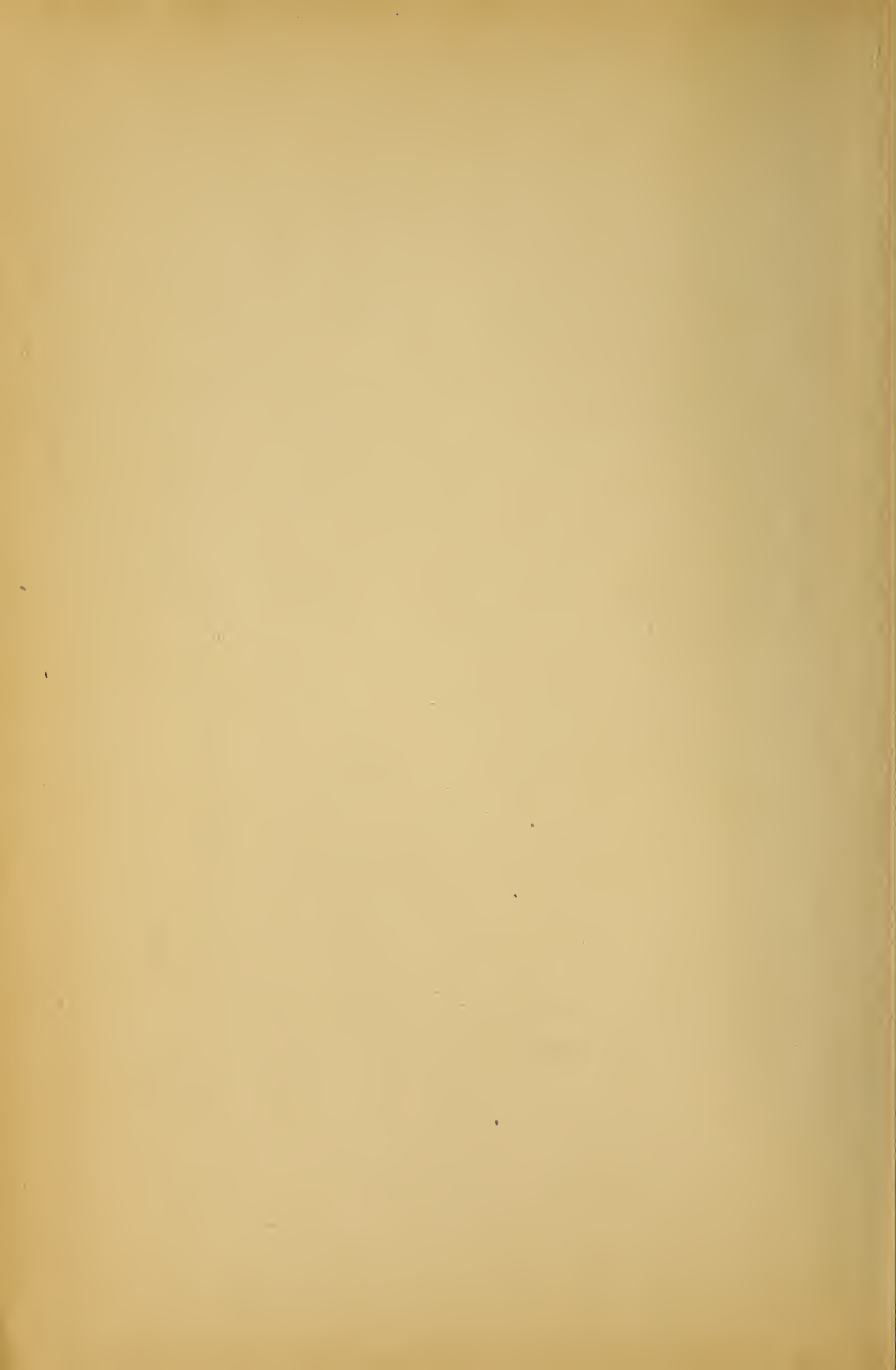
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The time was spent at Val-ley Forge, and the men lived in log huts which they had first built.

(Page 11)

*(Lives of the Presidents.)*

Lives of the  
**PRESIDENTS**  
OF THE  
**UNITED STATES**

Told in Words of One Syllable

By  
JEAN S. REMY  
and  
H. C. FAULKNER

With Illustrations



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LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

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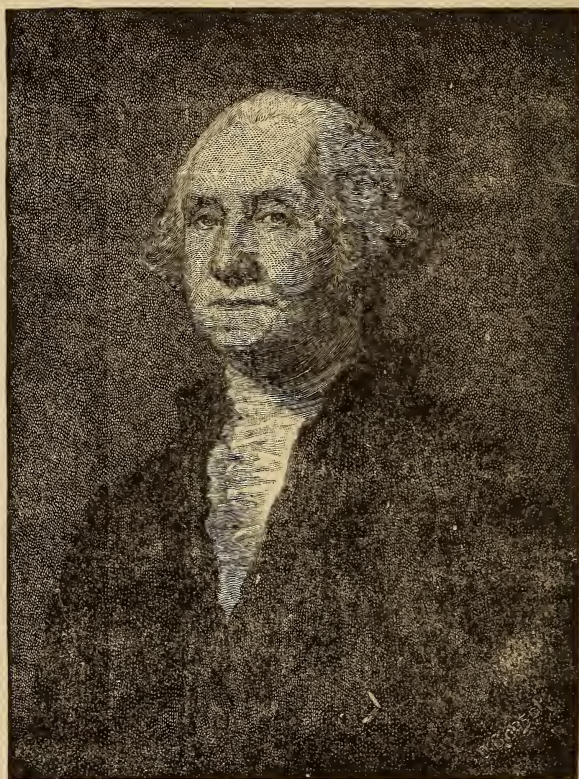
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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

## LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

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### GEORGE WASH-ING-TON.

WAY down in Vir-gin-i-a, near a small creek, called Bridg-es Creek, there is a shaft of white stone;—on it is the name of George Wash-ing-ton and the date of his birth: Feb-ru-ar-y 22d, 1732.

On this spot once stood the big brick house in which George Wash-ing-ton was born; it was built in 1657 by John Wash-ing-ton; his grand-son, Au-gus-tine, was the fa-ther of the lit-tle boy who be-came our first pres-i-dent. The moth-er of George Wash-ing-ton was Ma-ry Ball; so sweet and fair was she, when she was a young girl, that she was known as “Sweet Mol-ly.”

Now she was not the first wife of Au-gus-tine Wash-ing-ton; and he had two boys, Law-rence and Au-gus-tine, when he made her his wife. These boys were so kind to their small broth-er George, when he was young, and gave him so much help, all through his life, that their names should stay in your minds. When George was three years old his home was burned to the ground, and his fa-ther built a fine new house, just o-ver the riv-er from where the cit-y of Fred-er-icks-burg now stands. Here George went to his first school, and the name of the man who taught him was so queer, it will not go out of your mind;—it was “Hob-by.” In those old days, the boys wrote to their boy-

friends, just as they do at this day. See what George, when he was nine years old, wrote to his best friend, Richard Henry Lee:—"Dear Dick-ey, I thank you ver-y much for the pret-ty pic-ture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pic-tures and I showed him all the pic-tures in it; and I read to him how the tame el-e-ph-ant took care of his mas-ter's lit-tle boy, and put him on his back and would not let an-y-bod-y touch his mas-ter's lit-tle son. I can read three or four pages some-times with-out miss-ing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rain-y. She says I may ride my po-ny, He-ro, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead He-ro. I have a lit-tle piece of po-et-ry a-bout the book you gave me, but I must n't tell you who wrote the po-et-ry.

"G. W.'s com-pli-ments to R. H. L.  
 And likes his book full well.  
 Hence-forth will count him as his friend,  
 And hopes ma-n-y hap-py days he may spend.

"Your good friend,  
 "GEORGE WASH-ING-TON."

"I am go-ing to get a whip top soon, and you may see and whip it."

You see the boys in those old days were fond of books, and toys and hors-es just as the boys of to-day are; and there is a tale of George, and a young colt, which shows that he was a brave and strong boy, who did not fear to tell the truth, though he had done wrong. He and some of his boy-friends were in a field, in which were kept some young colts, some of which had been used.

The boys caught one colt, put a bit in its mouth, and held it, while George sprang on its back. The colt, mad



with fear, sprang in the air, tore through the field, and tried in vain to throw the boy; at last he leaped with such force, that he broke a blood vessel, and fell to the ground dead. Just at this time George's mother came out, and saw the dead colt. She asked the boys if they knew how he died. "Yes, mad-am," at once said her own boy; and then he told the whole truth. There are more tales of the boy-life of George and all show that he was a brave, strong boy, full of life and fun, and at the head in games and sports of all kinds.

His father died when he was only eleven (11) years old; but his mother lived to be an old, old lady, who was, you may be sure, very proud of her great son.

After his father's death George made his home with his brother, Augustine, until he was sixteen (16) years old; and the short notes which he wrote to his mother were not like those he sent to his boy-friends, or like those which you boys and girls write to-day. He began, "Honored Mad-am;" and ended the stiff little note,—“Your dutiful son.”

In those days folks lived on great big farms, or plantations, as they were called, and raised tobacco, which was sold for much money in England. George's father had a very large plantation and many slaves to work on it; some day this would all belong to George, and so he was taught how to write in a big round hand, how to do sums, and to look out for those who were in his care.

All through these years there was talk of war; for a cruel war between the French and English, known as King George's War, had begun; and the boys, who heard so much talk of war, of course played at it; and George was ever at the head ever leading these bands of young

sol-diers ; he longed, just as boys would to-day, to throw a-way his books, to leave school, to go to the true war and bear a real gun ; and when he was fif-teen, his broth-er Law-rence, who was a sol-dier, tried to make his moth-er let him join the na-vy, as he was too young to go to the war. But this moth-er was a ver-y wise wo-man, and said no ; that his place was at home un-til he knew how to care for the great plan-ta-tion and the ma-n-y slaves that in five or six years would be his.

Now, at this time, this great land of ours was so wild that it was hard to tell how much land a man owned, just where one great farm end-ed and the next be-gan ; and a man who knew the land so well that he could tell folks just these things would be of much use ; so George now be-gan to give much time to just this work ; and so well did he do it that soon folks came to him when they were in doubt.

In fact this work led, as you shall see, straight up to the pres-i-dent's seat. His broth-er Law-rence had mar-ried Anne Fair-fax, and in their home at Mt. Ver-non George met ma-n-y great men ; a-mong oth-ers was Lord Thom-as Fair-fax, who owned a piece of land so large that he did not know how big it was ; he sent George to find this out ; and now this young boy had a rough piece of real work to do.

In March, 1748, he and a young friend, George Wil-liam Fair-fax, left the ease of Mt. Ver-non to live in the wild woods, where they would see on-ly Indians, or, at the best, rough white men ; in the log huts of the white men they found so much dirt that, af-ter one tri-al, rath-er than sleep on dirty straw, with no sheet, and but one torn, thin blan-ket, they ei-ther lay on the bare floor, near the big wood-fire, or else built a huge fire in the woods and lay close to it on the earth. They had to swim their hors-es o-ver streams ;

they shot wild deer and birds, and of-ten cooked and ate them, alone in the great wild woods, far from e-ven the camp of the In-di-ans. Once, at least, we know, from a little book in which each night George wrote of what they had done that day, that they saw a grand war-dance of the In-di-ans ; the mu-sic by which they danced was made by a pot half full of wa-ter, with a deer-skin o-ver the top, and a gourd



MOUNT VERNON—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

filled with shot ; this must have made queer mu-sic to dance by.

The boys were gone six weeks, and did their work so well that the gov-ern-or heard of it, and he made George a “pub-lic sur-vey-or ;” that is, it was his place to find out the size of all the new farms ; and his word was to be law. He must have done this work well, too, for the lines which he



laid down were the ones used by the new States years and years af-ter his death.

Now, for weeks at a time, he was a-lone in the woods with the In-di-ans ; liv-ing in their camps, and learn-ing of their life ; they taught him ma-n-y things ; and they, in turn, learned to love and trust him ; this lone-ly life made him a grave and qui-et man ; one who talked lit-tle ; and it taught him to think for him-self, at an age when most boys are told what to do by their par-ents and friends.

When he was not in the woods, hard at work, he was at Mt. Vernon ; and here the talk was of the great lands in the west ; and of the war be-tween the Eng-lish and the French, who were each try-ing to drive a-way the oth-er, and were both try-ing to force out the In-di-ans. It was pret-ty hard for the In-di-ans, who now had not on-ly to fight each oth-er, but the white men, too. At last they took sides, some with the Eng-lish, some with the French ; and a fierce war broke out o-ver the land near the O-hi-o River ; no white men had yet lived there, and both sides wished to own it.

The French moved ver-y fast, and built great forts, and sent men there to keep the Eng-lish a-way ; it was no " play-war " in which Wash-ing-ton now took part ; he had real men under him ; but, just as he be-gan to learn what real war was, he had to go to the West In-dies with his broth-er Law-rence, who was ver-y sick. They spent the win-ter there, but Law-rence did not get well, and came back to Mt. Ver-non in the spring, where he died in Ju-ly, 1752.

He left his land in charge of Wash-ing-ton, who now made his home there ; and when his broth-er's daugh-ter died he be-came the own-er.

Now, while Wash-ing-ton had been a-way, the French had been ver-y ac-tive ; they had made friends with the



In-di-ans, and had e-ven dared to send some Eng-lish tra-ders in a ship to France.

At this act Eng-land was up and in arms, and sent o-ver great ships and ma-n-y men to help fight the French. The first step that Eng-land took was to send men to warn the French a-way from the Eng-lish forts in Penn-syl-va-ni-a; and Wash-ing-ton, who knew bet-ter than a-n-y one else the rough wild woods, and who was a friend of the In-di-ans, led a lit-tle band of sev-en men through the dense, dark woods and o-ver riv-ers filled with floating ice, up to the French lines. He told the chief man of the French troops just what the Eng-lish said, but this French man would not give up one inch of ground that he had won from the In-di-ans, and gave Wash-ing-ton a note to take back with him, in which he said as much.

Of course Eng-land could take but one course now; and so the long, fierce war known as the "Sev-en Years' War" began. Wash-ing-ton was made a colo-nel, and showed so much skill, and was so brave, that in a short time he took charge of part of the troops of Gen-er-al Brad-dock.

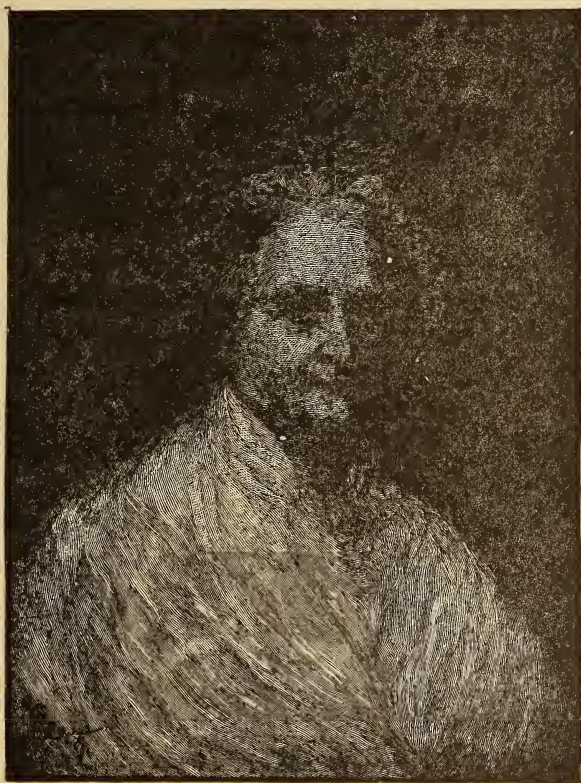
In June, 1755, the troops made a start for Fort Du-quesne, where they were to stay; and on this trip, while they were deep in the woods, the In-di-ans, with fierce shrieks and wild cries, sprang on them from the rocks and trees. The horse on which Wash-ing-ton rode was shot; Gen-er-al Brad-dock got such a wound that he died, and ma-n-y poor men were killed. Here again Wash-ing-ton acted so brave-ly, and was so wise, that the sol-diers said that Brad-dock had lost the day and Wash-ing-ton had saved the ar-my.

At Brad-dock's death Wash-ing-ton was made chief of

all the troops in the colo-nies ; and the first thing he did was to place men near the homes which the white men were mak-ing in the new lands, and so help these ear-ly set-tlers to stop the In-di-ans when they came to rob them and to burn up their lit-tle log cab-ins, for a great fear of the red men was o-ver all the land. Now, when the war came to a close with the fall of the French, we find that Wash-ing-ton is a very great man, that his troops love him ver-y much, and that the heads of the states feel that he is a strong, wise man, and one whom they can trust. All this time, you know, he was an Eng-lish sol-dier, fight-ing for Eng-land ; but, deep in his heart, and in the hearts of all the brave men who fought with him, there was, we may be sure, a love for this fair land, and a long-ing for its best good.

After the war was at an end Wash-ing-ton, who was ver-y glad to give up his post, mar-ried Mrs. Eus-tis, a young wid-ow with two lit-tle chil-dren, a girl of six years and a boy of twelve, and went to Mt. Ver-non to live. For twen-ty years now he lived the quiet life he loved so well. He took good care of his farm, was hap-py with his fam-i-ly and friends, and grew, day by day, in power. He did not lead an i-dle life, you may be sure ; he rose ear-ly, had his break-fast at sev-en in sum-mer and eight in win-ter ; then rode o-ver his farm and saw that all was right. He had his din-ner at two o'clock ; then had an ear-ly tea, and of-ten was in bed by nine o'clock. Twice a year he sent to Lon-don for things need-ed in the way of dress for his fam-i-ly and slaves, for tools, books, drugs, etc. Some of the things he bought for the chil-dren I think you boys and girls would like, too. He sent for "tops, lit-tle books for chil-dren to read, a doll, and oth-er toys."

Washington loved horses and was very fond of hunting. The name of his pet horse was "Blue-skin"; he must have looked very fine when he was on horse-back; for he was a big man, with bright blue eyes and high color, and



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

ne wore a red vest with gold lace on it, and a dark blue cloth coat Mrs. Washington rode in a fine carriage drawn by four horses, and her driver wore the Washington colors of red, white and gold. These old days were full of life



and fun, but there was work as well, and soon came more talk of war.

All through these twenty years this land was growing bigger and bigger ; and at last came the time when folks did not see why they should not be free from England and rule their own land in their own way.

At last England made a law called the "Stamp Act," which put so high a tax on goods that folks here would not pay it ; tea was one of the things on which this tax was put ; and when England sent over three ships full of tea to Boston, our men would not let it be taken from the ships, but broke the great chests and threw all the tea in the water. This act is known as the "Boston Tea Party" ; and now the first signs of war were seen ; a fierce fight took place at Lexington, one Sunday morning, between the British and American troops ; and now, all over the land, went up the cry, "To arms ! To arms !"

This is how the great War of Independence began ; and you know the name of the man who was at once put at the head of the American army—George Washington, of course ! Now he is not an Englishman fighting for his king, but an American fighting to free his own land. A long, hard fight it was, too, but not once did Washington or his brave men lose heart. He drove the British out of Boston, and then, for fear they would go to New York, he sent men there ; but the British ships went to Canada instead, and made that land theirs.

It was just at this time that Richard Henry Lee, the boy-friend of Washington, made a move in Congress that our land should say to the whole world that it would be free from British rule ; and so the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and sent out to the world on July 4, 1776.



War now began in deadly earnest ; and, at the great battle of Long Island, our men met with great loss of life, and had to flee from the foe. Soon after this bad news the British took Philadelphia, and now Washington was sad at heart ; on Christmas day of 1776, though, our troops won in the great fight that took place at Trenton, and there was joy in the whole land ; good news came with the New Year, too, for Washington won many fights ; and at last, in October, 1777, the British troops in charge of General Burgoyne gave up their arms to General Gates. That winter of 1777 was a bad one



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGOYNE.

From an English print, 1783.

for Washington and his men ; at no time in the war did they suffer so much ; the time was spent at Valley Forge, and the men lived in log huts which they had first built, in long straight lines, like city streets ; twelve men lived in each hut, and there was a fire-place at the back, but no fire could keep out the awful cold, and no hut was snug enough to keep out the snow that fell in great drifts around this little town of log huts. To make things worse there was little food to be had ; the men had only poor, thin clothes, and their bare feet often left marks of blood on the white snow. But the men did not lose hope, and kept their faith through all the long months in their great leader, whose lot was quite as hard as theirs was ; the farm-house in which he had a room still stands, and it is hard to believe, as you look at this old house on the banks of the Delaware River, that once the big orchard back of it

and all the pret-ty fields were filled with poor little wood-en huts in which, for the sake of free-dom, lived and suf-fered thou-sands of brave men.

In the spring things were bet-ter, for France joined A-mer-i-ca in her fight for free-dom, and three years from this time the Brit-ish were beaten at York-town and A-mer-i-ca was free. One of the great French-men, who gave us much help, and was a firm friend of Wash-ing-ton's, was the Mar-quis de La-fay-ette.



MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

A very sad thing dur-ing these last years of the war was the base act of Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, who made up his mind to sell to the Brit-ish some posts near West Point, of which he had charge. He sent a note to Clin-ton by a young Brit-ish spy, Ma-jor An-dre; but on his way to the Brit-

ish lines this young man was caught by three of our men. They found the note in his boots and he was brought to the A-mer-i-can camp, tried for his life and hung as a spy. Ben-e-dict Ar-nold had made his way to a ship and set sail for Eng-land, and his name is hat-ed, not on-ly by his own land, but by e-ven the land to whom he tried to sell his coun-try.

It was in March, 1783, that the news of peace spread through the land, and it is said that Wash-ing-ton wept with joy, as he read the glad news to his troops; he gave or-ders that the whole ar-m-y should give thanks to God; and this was done at a great meet-ing on the day af-ter Lord Corn-wal-lis laid down his sword. Then there was a great ball giv-en at Fred-er-icks-burg, and Wash-ing-ton's old moth-

er, sev-en-ty-four years old, was there lean-ing on the arm of her son ; and do you not think she was proud, as one after an-oth-er of the great French of-fi-cers bowed to her, and spoke in her son's praise ?

It was on Christ-mas eve that Wash-ing-ton came home to Mt. Vernon, af-ter eight years of war : rid-ing in state, with his wife at his side, this great A-mer-i-can, feared now



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN.

by kings, and loved more than ev-er by the coun-try he had made free, came glad-ly back to take up the qui-et coun-try life he loved so well ; and here, could he have had his way, he would have lived un-til his death ; but this new coun-try need-ed at its head a man whom folks loved and trust-ed, and of whom oth-er lands stood in fear. No man but Wash-ing-ton could fill this great place ; and so, at the end of



three years, once more at his coun-try's call, he left his home,—this time to be-come the first Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. Not one voice was a-gainst him; eve-ry man in the new coun-try vot-ed to give him this last hon-or; and on April 30th, 1789, in New York Ci-ty, he took the oath of of-fice. Wash-ing-ton, who was a ve-ry rich man, had tak-en no mon-ey for serv-ing his coun-try in the war; and said he would take none now; but be-cause oth-er Pres-i-dents might not be rich e-nough or good e-nough to want to do the same, the people made him take \$25,000 a year; now, you know, the Pres-i-dent gets \$50,000 a year.

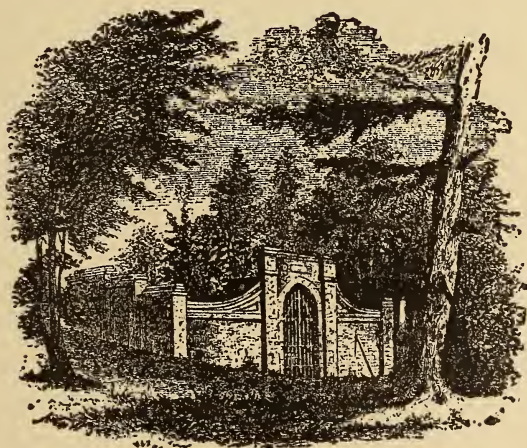
Wash-ing-ton was in New York but one year, then the cap-i-tal was moved to Phil-a-del-phia, and here he lived in great state, un-til af-ter eight years in the Pres-i-dent's chair, once more, and for the last time, he came back home to Mt. Ver-non.

At the end of his term of of-fice, Wash-ing-ton on-ly wait-ed to see the next Pres-i-dent, John Ad-ams, take the chair, and soon af-ter he came back talk a-rose of war with France; and, of course, the coun-try turn-ed to him; he was a-gain put in charge of the ar-m-y, and took up the public life he had so glad-ly laid down. But he had not long to bear it this time, for on De-cem-ber 12th, 1799, while rid-ing in a hard rain-storm, he took a heav-y cold, from which he died on Sat-ur-day night, De-cem-ber 14th, be-tween ten and twelve o'clock.

Wash-ing-ton was bur-ied at Mt. Ver-non, and to-day the tomb of "The Fa-ther of his Coun-try," as he is lov-ing-ly called is a sa-cred place; not on-ly to us, but to the men and wo-men of the old lands, which were taught by him so long a-go to hon-or and fear this great, new A-mer-i-ca.

Wash-ing-ton had been dead just one hun-dred years on

De-cem-ber 14th, 1899, and the date was made much of in the U-nit-ed States: in New York Ci-ty, in Wash-ington, and at Mt. Ver-non there was a great time in his hon-or, for this great man is as dear to his coun-try to-day as he was when he was a-live.



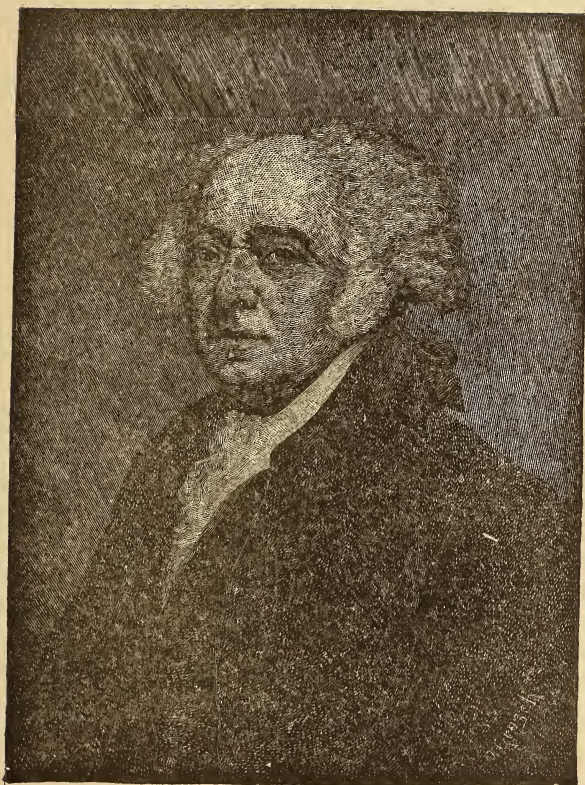
WASHINGTON FAMILY VAULT.



## JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS was born, not in the far South with many slaves to wait on him, but on a small farm in Brain-tree, Mass. Here, from old England had come, in 1636, his great-grand-father, Hen-ry Ad-ams ; and in this old home was born on Oc-to-ber 19th, 1735, John Ad-ams, who was to be the sec-ond Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States. Now, on this farm in the east, there was much work to be done, and few to do it ; the folks who had made their homes here did not lead such lives of ease as those who lived on the great farms in the South.

As a small boy, though, of course, he was taught to read and write, John Ad-ams had a good deal of hard work to do. There was wood to chop, and snow to be cleared a-way ; there were hors-es and cows to care for, and there was much work to do in the fields. In all this work John took his part, like the brave, strong boy that he was. When the days grew long and cold, he was sent to an old school near his home, and here he at once took his place with the boys, as one who would lead in fun and sport of all kinds. There was a good deal of fun, too, in those days, for boys and girls both ; in the cold days there was good, strong ice on which to skate ; there was snow to play in, and to make fine roads for long rides in a sleigh ; and, when the days were long and hot, there were fish in the big streams, and there was game in the wild woods. John was not fond of his books, but still he did good work at school ; and when he was quite young went to Har-vard Col-lege. He left it in



JOHN ADAMS.



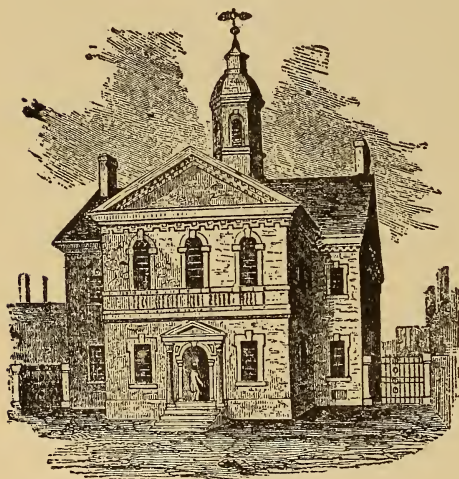
1755, just at the start of the "Sev-en Years' War"; and the name of George Wash-ing-ton, the brave young Col-o-nel of Vir-gin-ia, rang loud in his ears.

He taught school in Wor-ces-ter to earn the means to take up law; and in 1758 he be-came a law-yer. He had ma-n-y cas-es, and grew wise and great, though he did not make much mon-ey, as folks in the small town of Brain-tree were far from rich and paid small fees. But he did make ma-n-y kind friends, and far and near he was known as a man of clear, strong mind and quick, bright thoughts; he had a fine, sweet voice, too, and his speech-es were al-ways wise and showed much thought.

In the strife with Eng-land he was, from the start, on the side of A-mer-i-ca. So much did Eng-land fear him in 1757, the Eng-lish king sent word that he would give him great wealth if he would serve him at this time. Ad-ams would not do this; he would speak and act just as he thought right, and be bound by no king. When the "Stamp Act" passed in 1764, he made a great speech, which was sent to those at the head of his State; and when, in 1770, a troop of Brit-ish fired on a mob of A-mer-i-can men and boys in the streets of Bos-ton, he took the case to the courts, and spoke for the Brit-ish Cap-tain and his men, though they had killed five of our men. It may seem strange to you that Ad-ams, who stood for A-mer-i-can rights, should here take sides with the Brit-ish; but, first of all, he stood for law; and, though he knew he ran the risk of los-ing his high place in the hearts of A-mer-i-can men, still he would do what he thought right. But men love truth, and like to see a brave man act as he thinks right, and so felt that he had just the clear, cool head and brain and the strong warm heart to give aid in the dark days that were to



come to the land. He was sent to the First Congress and was one of the three men who drew up the Declaration of Independence.



CARPENTER'S HALL.

Where the first Continental Congress met September, 1774.

He was also one of three men to go to France and ask for the aid which she gave to America, in the spring after that hard winter at Valley Forge. Do you see why this trip at this time was a brave act, and one by which Adams ran a great risk of losing his life? England had no wish that he should reach France, and her ships tried in vain to get him. If he had been caught he would have been hung, as a man who was false to his

land and his king. You know that he went to France though, and did his work well. He stood up for our rights and had a bill passed which made the ports of France and England free to our goods. At the end of the war he was sent to England to look out for our rights there; and, though now this is a pleasant task, it was not then, for it was hard for Adams to be true to America and yet not anger the English king, George III.

But we have seen how bold and brave a man he was, so the first thing he said to the king was: "I must tell your Majesty that I love no country but my own"; and said the king: "An honest man will never love any other." In

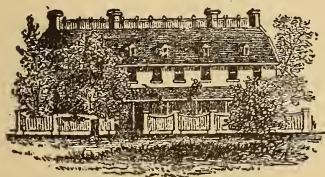
spite of this, Adams met with much rudeness at the English court ; but he did his best for his country, and when he came home in 1787, after twelve years of hard work, he was met with great joy. He was made Vice-President with Washington, and at the end of Washington's term of office he was made President. He served only four years and then made way for Thomas Jefferson.

At the age of sixty-eight years, with the love of the whole land, he went to his home in Quincy, Mass. His heart was ever with his country ; and he lived until his son, John Quincy Adams, was made President of the United States.

His last thoughts were for his country. On June 30th, 1826, he gave as a toast for the great feast to be held on July 4th the words : "Independence forever."



GEORGE III.  
From an anonymous print.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS.  
At Quincy, Mass.

He died on the night of this, America's great day. His last words were of Jefferson. He said : "Thomas Jefferson still lives." But this was not so, for Jefferson had died a few hours before on this same day ; and this young land wept for two of her great men, both of whom, in giving up their best to their country, helped to make it the great, free land that it is to-day.

## THOM-AS JEF-FER-SON.

WHEN Thom-as Jef-fer-son was a boy his home was so near the In-di-ans' camp and he saw so much of them that I am sure all boys will like to read of him. His fa-ther, Pe-ter Jef-fer-son, took his bride, Jane Ran-dolph, to a house on a wild tract of land of o-ver 1,000 a-cres, way out in Vir-gin-ia, right in the midst of great woods. He was a big, strong man, and this strength was very use-ful to him in mak-ing his new home, for he had to chop down huge trees and then cut them up in-to the logs of which the lit-tle log cab-in was built. He took with him in-to this wild new land only a few slaves, but with their help his farm soon grew large, and he be-came a rich man. The In-di-ans were great friends of his, and al-ways sure of a warm wel-come in his home.

Still, the In-di-ans were not al-ways at peace with the white men, who had come to make their homes so near them, and folks had to be on the watch for fear the red men would rob and kill them. Pe-ter Jef-fer-son was made Col-o-nel of the men who kept the In-di-ans back in the woods, and a-way from the lit-tle town that was fast grow-ing up near his home.

Now, this great, strong man was fond of books, and it was with his fa-ther that lit-tle Thom-as be-gan to stu-dy. He was al-so taught to ride, to swim and to shoot; and as he was fond of mu-sic he spent long hours in learn-ing to play on the vi-o-lin, or "fid-dle" as it was then called.



The In-di-ans near his home liked him, and he used to play tunes for the lit-tle, brown In-di-an boys to dance by.

He was on-ly nine years old when he went to board-ing school with a Mr. Doug-lass, and here he began to stu-dy Lat-in, Greek and French. He was so near home that he did not stay a-way long at a time ; and in-deed, this home was such a hap-py one, so full of life and fun, that he did not want to be a-way from it long at one time.

But this happy time did not last long, for Thom-as was but four-teen years old when his brave fa-ther was shot in a fight with the In-di-ans. This boy was now at the head of as big a place as the fa-ther of George Wash-ing-ton had left to him, and though he kept on with his books he had the care of this great farm to think of and plan for. He was a bright, well-read boy ; and was but six-teen when he took a place at Wil-liam and Ma-ry Col-lege. Here, his love for books and mu-sic kept him from the wild life led by some of the young men there, and made friends for him a-mong the great men, whose homes were in Wil-liams-town.

He met a great law-yer, George Wythe, and began the stu-dy of law with him when, at the end of two years, he left col-lege. In five years he be-gan the prac-tise of law in his old home in Vir-gin-ia. In two years, so bright and quick was he, and of such a strong, clear mind, that he had 198 cas-es, held a high place in his State, and was a rich man.

In 1770, while he and his moth-er were a-way from home, the old house burned down. When news of this came to Jef-fer-son, his first thought was for his books, and he said to the slave who had told him : "Did you save any of my books?" "No, mas-ter," said the slave, "but we did save your fid-dle." You see e-ven **when** he was a great and



bu-sy man he still loved his fid-dle ; but the loss of all his law books was ve-ry hard for a bu-sy law-yer, and it took him a long while to get the new books that he must have.



MONTICELLO.

The Home of Thomas Jefferson,

He had be-gun to build a ve-ry large new house at Mon-ti-cello, and so in the lit-tle end of this he now went to live. Two years later, to this home, which was to be-come known all o-ver the world, he brought his bride, Mrs. Mar-tha Skel-ton, a young and ve-ry rich wid-ow. They were

mar-ried on New Year's Day, 1772, and came to their home in such a hard snow-storm that the hors-es could not drag the coach through the big drifts, so these two young folks left the warm coach, and rode the tired hors-es up to the door of their new home. Jef-fer-son and his wife gave great care to Mon-ti-cello, and it was known far and near for its great beau-ty and for its choice and rare fruits and flow-ers.

But Jef-fer-son was much from home. In 1762 he was sent to Con-gress, and here he at once stood at the head of the band of wise and great men who were then there. His mind was so clear and bright that in all the grave things that came up he knew at once just what to do, he had the trust of all men.

He was a great help in writ-ing the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence ; in fact, it may well be said that he wrote it.

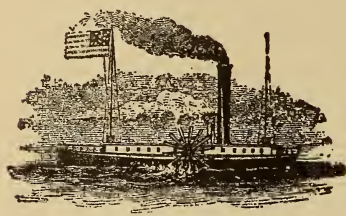
Soon af-ter this great act he left Con-gress and turned his mind to the laws of his own State ; he made them safe and just for all men, both rich and poor. In 1779 he was made gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-ia ; and now his work was hard ; not on-ly must he find a way to keep the In-di-ans from the hous-es of the white men but the Brit-ish came down to the south and laid his fair home in ruins. Not for long years did Mon-ti-cel-lo grow in beau-ty once more. But through all the dark years of war Jef-fer-son did his work well ; he forced back the In-di-an foes, and gave help and aid to his State while the War for In-de-pend-ence went on. When the war was at an end, this strong, just man, with his clear, wise brain, was just the one to stand up for our rights in the lands a-cross the sea, so he was sent to France at the time Ad-ams was in Eng-land. While here he had a bill passed by which Eng-land said she would look on our land as free ; and this was a big point for us to gain.

When Jef-fer-son came home he was made Sec-re-ta-ry of State, and in this high of-fice did much good work ; it was he who first gave us our own coins to use in place of the Eng-lish coins, which, up to that time had been in use here. Now, Al-ex-an-der Ham-il-ton was in charge of the work of mak-ing the coin, and a great feud came up be-tween him and Jef-fer-son as to how this should be done. Men, of course, took sides in this strife, and so two bands sprang up which were known as Re-pub-li-cans and Fed-er-al-ists ; to-day these two bands are known as Re-pub-li-cans and Dem-o-crats. Al-ex-an-der Ham-il-ton was killed in a du-el by Aa-ron Burr in Ju-ly, 1804.

In 1801, Jef-fer-son was made Pres-i-dent ; and while he was in the chair this land grew strong and great.

Our first steam-boat was built by Rob-ert Ful-ton while

Jef-fer-son was Pres-i-dent ; and it did not look at all like the great boats of to-day ; it was a heav-y, clum-sy boat, which went by sails as well as steam.



THE CLERMONT.

Rob-ert Ful-ton's first Steam-boat.

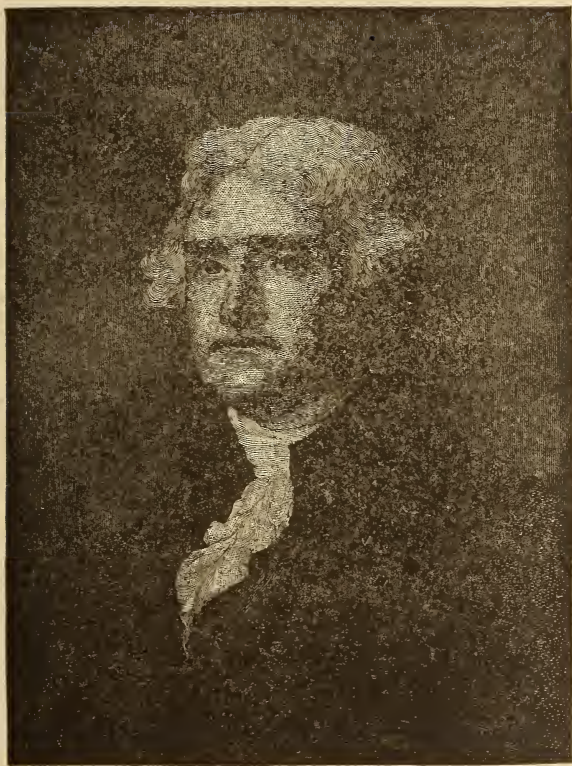
Jef-fer-son tried hard to put an end to the slave-trade, which he felt was a great wrong ; he thought, too, that folks should have the right to serve God in their own way ; and he held that on-ly men who could read and write should vote.

He was a great and a wise man ; books were his dear friends ; and so one of the hard-est things he had to do, af-ter he went home to Mon-ti-cel-lo, when he left the White House, was to sell all his books to Con-gress in or-der to get mon-ey to live on. To his own home hosts of friends and stran-gers came to see the great man, just as they had when he was in Wash-ing-ton. But he sold his books so cheap that the mon-ey did not help him much ; and, at last, it seemed as if he must sell his dear old home. But now the peo-ple for whom he had done so much helped him, and a big fund was raised, so that he could keep his home and live there in com-fort un-til his death.

He lived to be a ver-y old man, and e-ven when he was so weak he could not rise from his bed, his great, strong brain was still clear. You know that he died on the 4th of Ju-ly, 1826, just a few hours be-fore the death of his old friend, John Ad-ams.

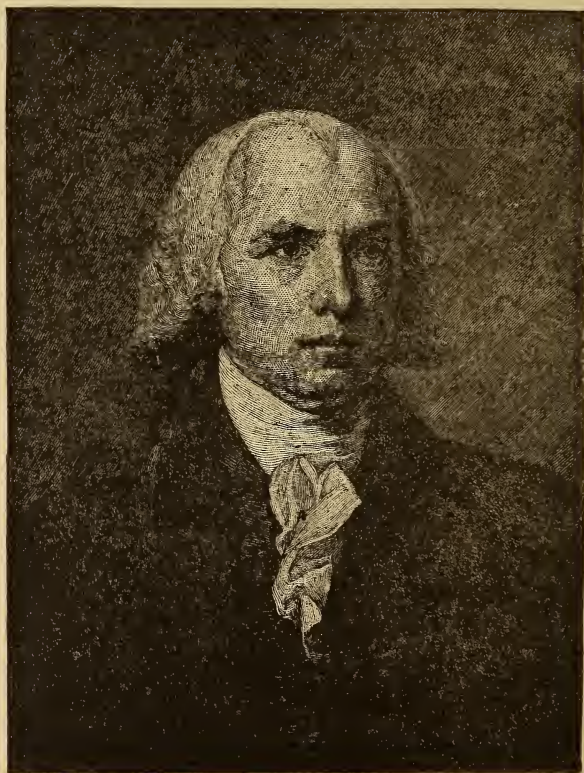
Next to the name of George Wash-ing-ton, there is no name a-mong the great men of our land, of which the peo-ple are so proud, as that of Thom-as Jef-fer-son.





THOMAS JEFFERSON.





**JAMES MADISON.**

## JAMES MADISON.

IN the home of his grand-father at Port Conway, Virginia, was born, in the spring of 1751, the small boy who was to be our fourth President. He was very young, though, when he went to live at Monticello, his father's great farm in Virginia, and here he led much the same life as George Washington did when a boy. He was but a small boy when the French and English War began, and when Braddock lost the day, a great fear of the Indians spread to the very door of his home; and he grew up with the name of George Washington ever in his ears, as a great hero.

His school days were much like those of Jefferson. He was a young boy when he could read French and Spanish with ease, and was as well hard at work at Greek and Latin. In 1769 he went to Princeton College, and here, as well as when he was at home, Jefferson was a great help to him. The older man wrote to the boy in the quiet old college town, about the scenes of war; he told him much of the British troops in the Boston streets, of young John Adams and of Washington. So, when in 1771 he left college, he knew a great deal about the strife of the day, and had deep, clear thoughts about it. At home he led a quiet life with his books, until 1774, then he was put at the head of a few men, who were to guard their own town if the British troops came there. In this post he showed such a wise, clear mind and did his part so well that in a short time he was put in a high place in his State, and from there in 1779

was sent to Con-gress. Jef-fer-son was at this time Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a, and the two men were close, warm friends.

For twen-ty five years Mad-i-son was one of the first men in this land. He had no taste for war, but he soon took a high place with those who made the laws of the land. One of the great things he did was to help draw up the Con-sti-tu-tion of the U-nit-ed States.



MRS. DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.

In 1794 this grave and quiet man married, as Wash-ington and Jef-fer-son had done, a young and lovely wid-ow. She was but twen-ty-two years old, twen-ty years young-er than he, and her name was Mrs. Dor-othy Payne Todd. Lat-er on, the folks who grew to love this fair la-dy so well, gave her the name by which we know her to-day—"Dol-ly Mad-i-son." She was a Quak-er-ess, and so fair and sweet was she, in her quiet lit-tle gown of gray, that once a friend said to her: "Dol-ly, tru-ly thou must hide thy face, so ma-n-y stare at thee."

For one year after his mar-riage, Mad-i-son lived at Mont-pel-ier; then

a-gain he went in-to public life, first in his State, and af-ter that, in 1800, as Sec-re-ta-ry of State un-der Jef-fer-son.



Now, began the gay life at the White House, for which "Dolly" Madison won so much fame. Jefferson's wife was dead, and it was the wife of his friend that helped him entertain the White House guests. Well did this lovely lady do her part, and in 1808 when, as the wife of the President, she became the real mistress of the White House, more than ever did the people love her. To-day, of all the pictures of the Presidents' wives that hang upon the White House walls, none is more lovely than that of the gay and pretty "Dolly Madison."

Madison was most of all a man of peace, and yet it was while he was in office that the United States was drawn into the War of 1812. England, then at war with France, said she had the right to search American ships to see if they were taking aid to France. America would not give this right to England, and so the war began. In 1814 the British came to the city of Washington, and for the only time in American history the President had to leave his home.

Madison, with the Secretary of State and some friends, went to a little inn near Washington, and here they were met by Mrs. Madison, who had stayed as long as she could at the White House to save some things from the hands of the British. She had brought the great Declaration of Independence, and had cut from its big frame the picture of Washington and brought it safely away. The British troops set fire to the White House, the navy yard, the Capitol, and in fact the whole town. They left in great haste, though, when they heard that our troops were on the way, and the next day Mrs. Madison put on the dress of a wash-woman, so folks would not know her, and made a start for her home, but the British had set fire to a bridge she had to cross on the way and then she begged



an A-mer-i-can soldier to row her o-ver the riv-er. He would not do so un-til she told him who she was, and then he was ver-y glad to take this brave lit-tle la-dy in his boat. On-ly black ash-es marked the spot on which the White House had once stood, so she had to go to her sis-ter's home, where the Pres-i-dent soon joined her.

The Eng-lish troops now tried to take Bal-ti-more, but our brave men drove them back; and when they tried to make a raid on New Or-le-ans, Gen-er-al Jack-son and his troops fought so hard that the foe could not get in-to the cit-y.

This was the last fight of this war, and peace was signed at Ghent, De-cem-ber 24th, 1814. From that day Eng-land has had to leave our ships a-lone and to treat A-mer-i-ca as one of the great nations of the world.

In 1817 Mad-i-son was not sor-ry to go back to his old home, and here ma-n-y happy years were spent, for the fair la-dy of the White House kept open house in her own home, and guests from far and near were glad to come here. One of Mad-i-son's dear-est friends was old Thom-as Jef-fer-son, who oft-en rode o-ver from his home at Mon-ti-cel-lo, which was on-ly thir-ty miles from Mont-pel-ier.

Mad-i-son wrote a good deal at this time; and once a-gain was seen in pub-lic life. In 1829 he was at the head of the great change made in all the laws of the whole land.

He died af-ter a long sick-ness at his home in Mont-pel-ier on June 28th, 1836.

## JAMES MON-ROE.

JAMES MON-ROE was, like Wash-ing-ton, Mad-i-son and Jef-fer-son, born in Vir-gin-i-a. Our first Pres-i-dent was just twen-ty six years old when, in West-more-land County, on A-pril 28th, 1758, was born the boy who was to be the fifth Pres-i-dent. His fa-ther, Colo-nel Spense Mon-roe, owned a big farm and was quite rich. Lit-tle James was sent to good schools and did not have to work to earn the means to stay in school. He learned at first to hunt, to skate and to swim; and was good friends with all the boys; but through all the fun and school work came up the talk of war; of the long strife with Eng-land and the fierce red men. It was hard for a brave boy to hear such talk and yet keep on at his books, and though Mon-roe did go to Wil-liam and Mary Col-lege, he did not stay long, for we hear of him in 1775 at the camp near Bos-ton. In 1776 we see him at the head of a band of men, and from that time on he was in the thick of the fight. He fought at White Plains and Har-lem Heights, and was so brave that the great Wash-ing-ton gave him high praise for his work, and made him, when but eighteen years old, a cap-tain in the ar-my. At the great fight at Tren-ton he got a bad wound and had to rest for some time. In the big fights of the war this brave young man was one of the first in the field; his hopes were ev-er high, and he put heart in-to the weak and worn men who looked to him for help in the sad years of the war. In 1780 he be-gan the stud-y of law with his old friend

Thom-as Jef-fer-son and soon led the bright men of the day.

So good a friend of his was Jef-fer-son, that the home to which Mon-roë took his bride, in 1785, was planned for him by Jef-fer-son, who, so it is said, al-so gave him the nails to build it with.

In 1794 he was sent to France to look out for A-mer-i-ca's rights, but he found talk of war there at that time. The peo-ple did not want a king an-y long-er, but wished to be-come a free land like A-mer-i-ca, with a pres-i-dent at the head ; and Mon-roë, who was a Re-pub-li-can, took sides with the Re-pub-li-cans in France. The king did not like this, and so Mon-roë had to come home at the end of two years.

But he met with a wel-come at home, and his own State made him its Gov-ern-or. In 1803 he was once more sent to France ; this time to buy the State of Lou-is-i-an-a from the French, and he paid Na-po-le-on for this large State \$15,000,000.

Twice Mon-roë was sent to Spain and once to Eng-land, where his task was to force Eng-land to stop her search of A-mer-i-can ships. You know he could not do this, for that was the cause of the War of 1812.

Tired and sad at heart, he came back home, and was glad to rest for a while in his own home ; but he was of too much use to his coun-try to be i-dle long. Once more, in 1811, he was made Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a.

Then came the War of 1812 ; and it was Mon-roë, now Sec-re-ta-ry of State, who, at the head of a few men, saw the British land near Wash-ing-ton and sent word to Mad-i-son to leave the cit-y. He al-so act-ed as Sec-re-ta-ry of War at this time, and so well did he do his part that in 1816

he was named for Pres-i-dent by the Dem-o-crats. He got the most votes and so took the first place in our great land.

His first act was to pay off the great debt which the War of 1812 had brought on us. He did this in a ver-y short time ; and now our trade grew so great that rail-roads were built ; and so our first rail-road was made while Mon-roee was Pres-i-dent.



FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN.

There was a fierce war with the In-di-ans in Flor-i-da at this time ; but Gen-er-al Jack-son was sent down there and he forced them to lay down their arms and keep the peace.

Just at this time, too, we got Flor-i-da from the King of Spain, and gave up Tex-as, after pay-ing a big sum of mon-ey to the A-mer-i-cans, who had been robbed by Spain.

Mis-sou-ri came in-to the Un-ion while Mon-roee was Pres-i-dent, and there was a fierce storm of words ; the North said she should not hold slaves after she was a State, the South said that she should.

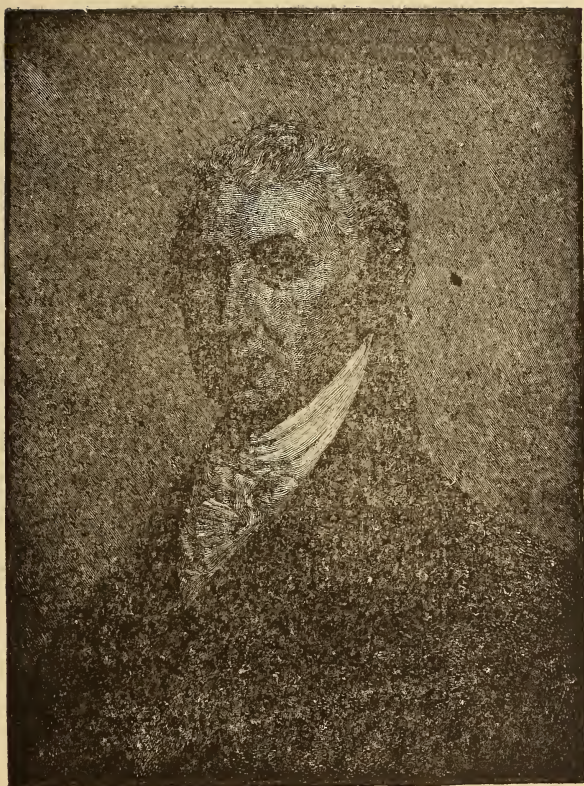
At last Con-gress gave way to the South-ern States ; but made a law that there should be a line drawn through the land, north of which no State should hold slaves.

In 1825 Mon-roee was free to go to his home at Oak Hill, Vir-gin-i-a, and here he lived un-til 1830. His wife died in

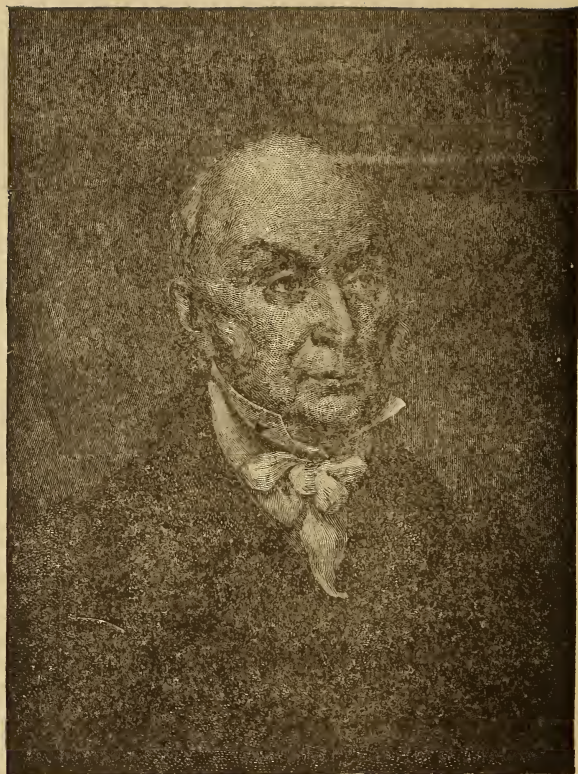


that year, and then he went to live with his daughter in New York. He died here on the 4th of July, 1831, and his name is one that the whole land loves and hon-ors.

He was buried in New York, but on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, his body was taken to Richmond, Virginia, and a handsome stone raised over his grave.



JAMES MONROE.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE lit-tle boy who be-came our sixth Pres-i-dent led a life not at all like that of an-y oth-er of the boys of whom you have read. His fa-ther was John Ad-ams, our sec-ond Pres-i-dent, and when, on Ju-ly 11th, 1767, lit-tle John Quin-cy Ad-ams was born in the old home at Brain-tree, Mass., his great fa-ther was al-read-y speak-ing brave-ly for his coun-try's rights in the cit-y of Bos-ton. In 1772 the fam-i-ly moved to Bos-ton, and lit-tle John, for two years, saw, as the oth-er boys did, the Brit-ish sol-diers in their bright red coats on pa-rade in the Bos-ton streets, and heard on all sides talk of war with Eng-land. He saw a lit-tle of real war, too; for when he was eight years old, his moth-er took him on top of a high hill, called Be-mis Hill, from which he saw the smoke and heard the roar of can-non in that aw-ful bat-tle of Bunk-er Hill. When, in 1776, the Brit-ish left Bos-ton, this lit-tle lad of nine years used to oft-en ride on horse-back in and out of the city to bring home the lat-est news. This was a ride of twen-ty-two miles from the old home at Brain-tree, where Mrs. Ad-ams had gone when her hus-band went to Con-gress, and I think it took a pret-ty brave and strong boy to ride all those long miles a-lone.

When John Ad-ams went to France to try and get her aid for A-mer-i-ca, he took with him his lit-tle boy, then ten years old. It was a rough, hard trip; for, not on-ly were there fierce winds which lashed the waves in-to fu-ry, but they were chased by Brit-ish ships, for Eng-land did not want



John Adams to get this help from France. But they reached Paris in safety, and little John was at once put in a French school. He only stayed for about a year and went back home with his father in the spring. Now for three months he was with his mother, and then in November he and some other boys who were placed in his father's care, all started for France, where they were to be put in a good school.

This trip was harder than the other one, for the big ship, "Sensible," sprang a leak, and after some days of great peril, they were glad to go to the nearest land, which was Spain; and now there was a long, hard trip by land before France could be reached. They had sailed on Nov. 13th, 1779, and it was not until Feb. 5th, 1780, that the little party reached Paris.

For two years now our little lad was hard at work with his books in Paris; then his father was sent to the Netherlands as American Minister, and he took his little son there and placed him in a school in Amsterdam; from here he went to the University at Leyden, where he stayed until July, 1781.

He was now only fourteen years old; but you see he had been in so many lands, that he could speak as the folks did in those strange lands, and this was a rare thing in those days. In 1781 Francis Dana, then the American Minister to Russia, needing some one to help him in his work, sent to Leyden for this young boy. They passed through Germany on the way to Russia, and here John Quincy learned something of another new land. Then, after a year in Russia, he left Mr. Dana and studied for a year in Sweden. The next spring he went to his father in Holland, and then went to Paris with him, and was

present when the treaty of peace between England and America ended the War of Independence.

For two years more he studied abroad, and then sailed for home in May, 1783. He at once entered the junior class at Harvard College and graduated with next to the highest honors in 1787. Then he took up law, as his father had done, and began to practice in Boston. He made few friends; folks did not love him as they had either Madison or Monroe, but he was always known to be a man of great power, and of great learning; and knowing so much of other lands, he was just the man to be sent as American Minister to these countries.

In 1794 Washington sent him to Holland, and in 1796 he was sent to Berlin.

When, in 1801, Adams came back home, it was to find new honors waiting for him. He was sent first to the State Senate and then to Congress. You see the steps by which our Presidents rose to power were much the same in every case. A duty well done in a small place led to something a little higher, and so on to the greatest honor of all—the President's chair.

The State of Massachusetts was very proud of John Quincy Adams; not only was he a great statesman and the son of the man whom they all loved, but he was, as well, a fine scholar, and a brilliant speaker. In 1809 he was sent abroad again for his country; this time to Russia, where he had not been since he was a boy of fourteen; in 1815 he was sent to France, but he was here only a few months, when war broke out in France, and all the ministers from other countries were called away; he went at once to England, and here he had a much more pleasant time than his father had when he went there as the first

Amer-ic-an min-is-ter ; the U-nit-ed States was now known as a big strong coun-try, and no one dared to be rude to her min-is-ter. In 1817 his own land felt the need of the great man who had served her so well a-broad, and he was called home to be-come Sec-re-tary of State. No man was so well fit-ted for this post as he ; for there were ma-n-y men from the lands a-cross the sea, now com-ing and go-ing in the cap-i-tal of the U-nit-ed States, to talk o-ver great ques-tions ; there were new states com-ing in-to the Un-i-on ; and oth-er lands were al-ways try-ing to gain a lit-tle pow-er here ; so John Quin-cy Ad-ams, who not on-ly was a great schol-ar, and a fine law-yer, but al-so knew well so ma-n-y lands be-sides his own, was just the man to help Pres-i-dent Mon-roe through his eight years of work.

He al-so was the man best suit-ed for the Pres-i-dent's chair, at the end of Mon-roe's term of of-fice. Not once, while Ad-ams was in Wash-ing-ton work-ing hard, did he for-get his old fa-ther, watch-ing, in his home at Quin-cy, the bu-sy life of his great son. Once ev-er-y year he went to the qui-et old home, and told his fa-ther of the life in Wash-ing-ton, in which the old-er man had once held so great a place.

At the age of six-ty-eight, Ad-ams went back to his home in Quin-cy, but in 1830 once more he was sent to Con-gress, and for six-teen years he kept his seat there ; he grew old and gray serv-ing his na-tive land ; he made bit-ter en-e-mies, but ma-n-y warm friends ; he feared no one, and his voice was al-ways for the free-dom of this great land. On No-vem-ber 19th, 1846, he had a stroke of par-al-y-sis while walk-ing in Bos-ton ; but three months later we saw him a-gain in Wash-ing-ton, and tak-ing his old seat in Con-gress. As the gray old man came feeb-ly in-to the hall, ev-er-y man

pres-ent rose to his feet, and so stood un-til he took his seat. He was too weak now to talk, and on-ly once more did he try to speak his mind on one of the great ques-tions of the day. This was on Feb-ru-a-ry 21st, 1848. He rose to speak, but fell in-to the arms of a man near him ; at once they took him in-to a cloak-room, and sent for his wife. For two days did he lay there, and then, on the morn-ing of Feb-ru-a-ry 23d, his great soul took its flight. His last words were : "This is the last of life, and I am con-tent."

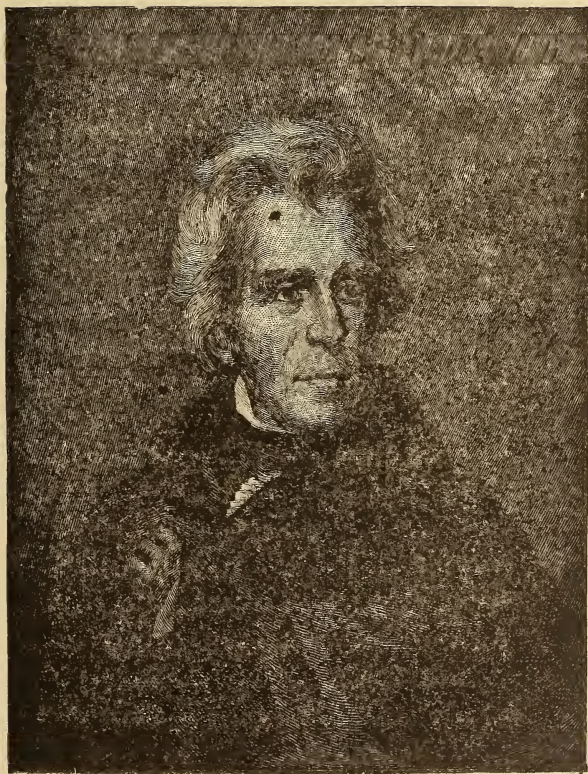


## AN-DREW JACK-SON.

THE boy who was to be our sev-enth Pres-i-dent did not lead the sort of life, as boy or man, that the oth-er Pres-i-dents did. He was the son of a poor I-rish-man who came here from Ire-land in 1765. He was born on March 15th, 1767, in a small place in South Car-o-li-na, called the Wax-haw Set-tle-ments. Poor and mean was the log house in which he first saw the light, and when his fa-ther died, which was when An-drew was a wee baby, the life of the lit-tle home was hard-er yet. His moth-er was a brave, good wo-man, and so well did she do her hard part in life that she was loved by all who knew her, and was known far and near as "Aunt Bet-ty."

Andrew was a great care to her when a boy, for, full of life and fun, he did not care for books, and was at the head in all sorts of wild sport. He was ev-er read-y for a fight with boys who made him an-gry; the small boys looked to him for help in any strife with boys big-ger than they; and so strong was he, or read-y to knock a boy down for a real or a fan-cied wrong, that they soon found it best to give him his own way, and let him take his place as lead-er a-mong them; when he was at the head all went well.

He was just nine years old when the Dec-la-ration of In-de-pend-ence was signed, and then came four years of war with Eng-land. In 1780 this war was car-ried into the South, and on May 29th a number of Brit-ish sol-diers un-der Colo-nel Tar-le-ton killed and wounded over 200 of the men and boys from the Wax-haw set-tle-ments. A-mong those who



ANDREW JACKSON.



helped to care for the hurt and dying men were Mrs. Jackson and her boys. Andrew was only fourteen when he fell into the hands of the British, and he, with over one hundred sick and dying men, was kept for days in a dirty pen, with no beds, little to eat and only stale water to drink. To make things worse, small-pox broke out and Andrew was one of those who had it. His brave mother was at last able to free him, and it was owing to her loving care that he did not die at this awful time.

After he was well enough to be left, his mother, who was very sorry for the poor American soldiers, went to Charleston to take care of those who were sick and wounded here. Just as she had begun her noble work she was taken sick and died.

Soon after her death came the good news of peace; and now young Andrew began to pay some heed to his books, with the hope of studying law. He also taught school for a while, though he could not have been a very good teacher, for he never learned how to spell very well himself. Still, in 1787, we find he has learned enough to take up the practice of law, and he began this work in Nashville, Tennessee; and now we see the boy who had been the leader in boyish sports, games and fights, become at once a leader among men. He was tall and quite good looking, with bright blue eyes and red-dish hair, and he was full of fun and life; he rode horse-back well, and knew how to shoot straight; and above all he was a brave man, afraid of nothing.

In 1788 he was given a place in which he had to try for the State all men who had done wrong and it needed, in those wild days and in that new land, a brave man for such a work, for he would make many foes, both among



the bad white men and the In-di-ans. His work took him from Nash-ville to Jones-bor-ough, and here the In-di-ans were ver-y strong and ver-y cru-el, kill-ing and rob-bing the white men and wo-men, and e-ven the lit-tle ba-bies in their moth-ers' arms. Hear-ing and see-ing day by day more and more of this sav-age war-fare, al-ways in dan-ger of be-ing killed by night or day by some In-di-an hid-ing be-hind a tree or house, Jack-son learned to know the In-di-ans and their hab-its bet-ter than most men did, so was read-y to fight them in their own way in a few years.

He made his home in Nash-ville and built up a good law prac-tice. He grew in pow-er so fast that in 1797 he was sent as the first man from Ten-nes-see to Con-gress. He went all the way from his home to Phil-a-del-phi-a, a dis-tance of 800 miles, on horse-back. In 1798 we see him a-gain at home as Judge of the Su-preme Court, and here he stayed un-til 1804. Then came four-teen years of peace for the land, and a hap-py home life for him. A-mong oth-er things which Jack-son did at this time was to build a large log store in which he kept all sorts of things which both the white men and the In-di-ans want-ed. His home, which was called "The Her-mit-age," was a fine house for those days, and in later years it grew as well known as Mt. Ver-non and Mon-ti-cel-lo. Jack-son was all through his life a man who would stand up for his own way, if it led to strife with his best friend, and more than once he fought du-els to the death. In Con-gress he would, when he rose to speak, some-times choke with blind rage if he could not make his point and force men to yield to him.

Af-ter years of peace came the War of 1812, and from that hour Jack-son's name was first in the minds of men. He showed great skill in his fights with the red men, and



He al-so taught school for a while.  
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*(Lives of the Presidents.)*



won much fame in a fierce fight with the Creeks, a bad tribe of In-di-ans in Al-a-ba-ma.

He could force men to do as he said ; the young men of that day looked up-on him with awe and fear, but rushed to fill his ranks and serve un-der him.

In 1815 he won the day at New Or-le-ans, and put the Brit-ish troops to flight with great loss of life. At the end of the war, back home went Jack-son for the rest of which he stood in sore need ; but, in 1818, strife with the Sem-i-nole In-di-ans in Flor-i-da came up, and Jack-son was sent there.

At this time Spain owned Flor-i-da, and it was both Span-ish troops and In-di-an foes that Jack-son had to meet, but he won his way, and at last made Spain yield her rights in Flor-i-da and sign a peace. In 1823 she sold Flor-i-da to us for \$5,000,000 ; not such a great sum when we think what a rich and great place this " Land of Flow-ers " is. Jack-son was now put at the head of things in Flor-i-da, and the hard-est part of his work was to keep peace in the bad tribe of Sem-i-nole In-di-ans. With their chief Os-ce-o-la at their head they would creep out from the woods and swamps of Flor-i-da, rush on the homes of the white men, and burn them to the ground, and then dash back to the woods, where they could safely hide. At the end of four years Jack-son was glad to go home to the Her-mit-age ; here he and his wife led a qui-et life and kept up ma-n-y of the ways of their young days, though now they were quite rich. Af-ter din-ner, they would sit, one on each side of the great big wood fire, in the large hall, and smoke their old pipes, with the long stems, just as they had in their log cab-in of long a-go. But the great gen-er-al could not live this qui-et life long ; in 1823 he was sent to Con-gress ; and



here he met with high hon-or. On New Year's Day, 1824, the great men of the day gave him the pock-et tel-e-scope that Wash-ing-ton had owned; a year from the day on which the Bat-tle of New Or-le-ans was fought, John Quincy Adams gave him a great feast, at which were men, who held high rank here and in oth-er lands; and on the day that he was fif-ty-sev-en years old, Pres-i-dent Mon-roe gave him a gold badge for his brave acts in his fights for his coun-try. In 1828 this rough, but brave and kind, old man, was made pres-i-dent; and now he stood up for his own way, just as he had in the wars of his land, and when he was but a boy. His first act was to stop some states in the South from leav-ing the Un-ion. John C. Cal-houn was at the head of a band of men, who felt that the North had more rights than the South; had more than its share of wealth and land; so rose the wish to set up a rule just for the South. "But," said Jack-son, "if one state goes out oth-ers will; and our great land will be a ru-in." So he stopped this plan, just in time.

All the years that Jack-son was pres-i-dent, our great land gained in strength; new rail-roads were built; and new steam-boats; the land grew rich year by year.

In 1824 the slaves in Mex-i-co were set free, and Tex-as came in-to the Un-ion.

On the whole, Jack-son's term was a good one for the land; and so well did the peo-ple like him, that he is the on-ly pres-i-dent of whom it has been said that he was bet-ter liked when he went out of of-fice than when he went in.

The last years of his life were spent at "The Her-mit-age," where he died on June 8th, 1845.

## THE LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BU-REN.

THE place in which Mar-tin Van Bu-ren was born was far from the homes of the oth-er boys who be-came our pres-i-dents ; and his life, as a boy, was not one bit like theirs. His fa-ther and moth-er were Dutch ; Hoes was his moth-er's queer name ; and the name of the small town, in which, on De-cem-ber 5th, 1782, he was born, was Dutch too—Kin-der-hook ; the lit-tle town was on the Hud-son Riv-er, way up in New York state. His fa-ther kept a good inn, and had a small farm ; so he could send Mar-tin to good schools : Mar-tin was so quick and bright at his books that he took up the study of law when he was four-teen ; and at twen-ty-one he was a law-yer and at work in Kin-der-hook. He was a man who made friends with great ease : and as he was a good law-yer as well, his state soon saw that he was the man to speak for it at Wash-ing-ton. So in 1821 he was sent to Con-gress ; then in 1828 he was made gov-ern-or of New York state ; and this was a big step toward the pres-i-dent's chair ; he was sec-re-tary of state when Jack-son was pres-i-dent ; and in 1837 he took the oath of of-fice, and be-came pres-i-dent.

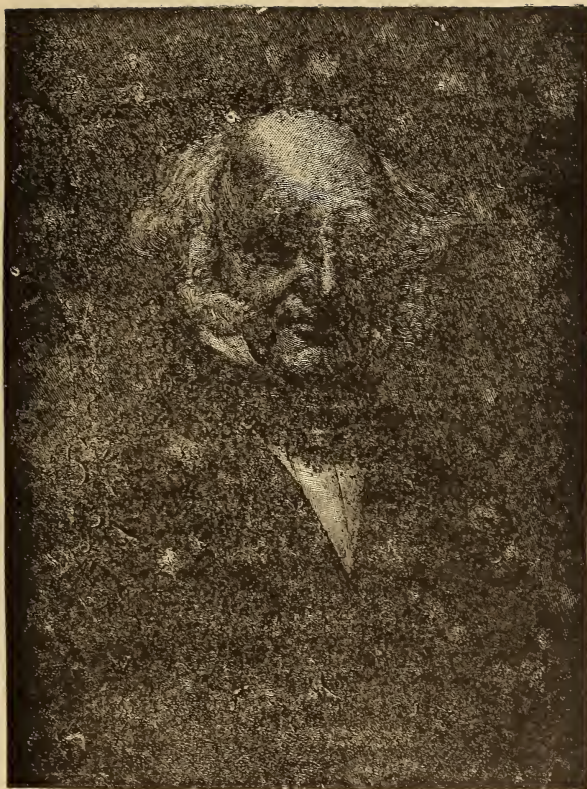
He was in of-fice on-ly one term ; and those four years were hard ones for him.

Just at this time the men in Can-a-da tried to be free from Eng-land, and have home-rule ; and some of our men took sides with them ; this made Eng-land an-gry of course ; and if Van Bu-ren had not put a stop to such things, we

should have had war once more; but he said all who tried to give aid to Can-a-da should be sent to jail; and so the fear of war was put down.

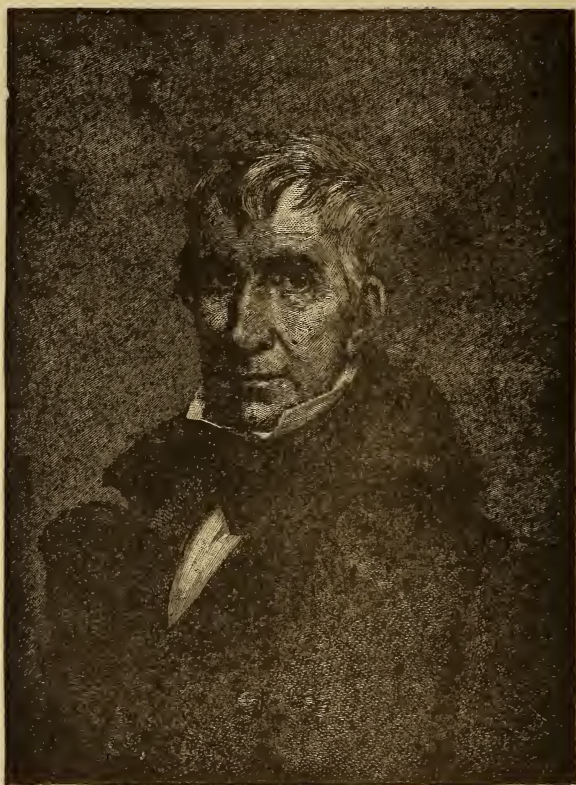
At the end of Van Bu-ren's first term some wanted him to take the chair a-gain; but more wanted Gen-er-al Har-ri-son, who had made a great name in the In-di-an wars. Van Bu-ren was rich, and Har-ri-son was poor; and this race for the pres-i-dent's chair was called the "Log Cab-in a-gainst the White House." Af-ter Har-ri-son took the chair, Van Bu-ren went back to his home at Kin-der-hook, where he lived in qui-et, until, in 1848, he was once more put up for pres-i-dent; but James K. Polk had more votes than he, and so won the e-lec-tion.

In 1853 Van Bu-ren and his son went to Eu-rope, where they stayed two years. He spent the rest of his life at his old home, where he died on Ju-ly 24th, 1862.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.





WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

## WIL-LIAM HEN-RY HAR-RISON.

WIL-LIAM HEN-RY HAR-RISON was born in Berke-ly, Vir-gin-i-a, on Feb-ru-a-ry 9th, 1773; his fath-er, Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son, was not a rich man, but lived at ease on a small farm; he was a man of much force in his state, and was at one time its gov-ern-or. He was a brave, strong man, and taught his small son to be like him; now while lit-tle Wil-liam was hard at work at school, he heard much talk of the In-di-an wars; and his heart was full of long-ing to fight these cru-el foes of the white men.

So, though he went to Hamp-den Syd-ney Col-lege, he did not stay long, but left to join the ar-my. He was such a brave fight-er that, when he was twen-ty-one, Wash-ington put him in charge of the troops at Fort Wash-ington, just the place where the In-di-ans were strong-est and most cru-el.

Ma-jor Gen-er-al Wayne was at the head of the ar-my, and so rash and fear-less was he, that his troops called him "Mad An-tho-ny." He knew well how to fight the red men though, and in 1794 beat them in a fierce fight, on the spot where the cit-y of De-troit now stands. So brave was young Har-ri-son at this time, that he was made a cap-tain; for six years Har-ri-son was in the heat of the In-di-an wars; and learned all the sav-age ways of war; then he went home to rest, but was soon sent to Congress. So well did he do his work here, that In-di-an-a now chose him for gov-ern-or; and here he was so much liked that he kept his

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seat three terms ; the hard-est task that he had to do while gov-ern-or was to keep peace with the In-di-ans ; and side by side with his name, stands that of a great and good In-dian chief Te-cum-seh ; for years these two men tried to help the In-di-ans and teach them to live in peace ; but at last the hate of the red men for the whites who were forcing them from their lands, end-ed in a great fight at Tip-pe-ca-noe, where the In-di-ans lost the bat-tle. So brave had Har-ri-son been in this fight, that he was made a gen-er-al ; and in the War of 1812 was put at the head of the ar-my. At the close of the war, the brave old In-dian fight-er went to live on his farm at South Bend, In-di-an-a, in the then state of O-hi-o ; but he was too great a man to live a quiet life, and was sent to Con-gress twice and once a-broad in his coun-try's serv-ice. Then in 1836, he ran for Pres-i-dent, but did not get the most votes ; four years la-ter he was put up once more, and he and John Ty-ler won by a big vote. It was in this race for Pres-i-dent, that the song was sung, whose cho-rus you hear to-day : "Tip-pe-ca-noe and Ty-ler, too."

On the 4th of March, 1841, Wil-liam Hen-ry Har-ri-son, the old In-di-an fight-er, now six-ty-eight years old, came from years of quiet home life, to take up the cares and wor-ries of a pres-i-dent's life, but the task was too much for him, and a month af-ter-ward, on A-pril 4th, 1841, the brave old man died.

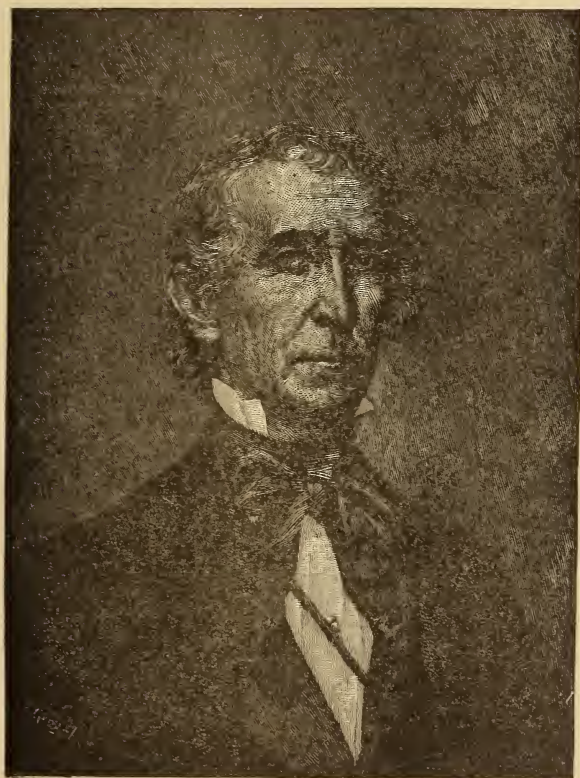
## JOHN TYLER.

As a boy, the life of John Ty-ler was much the same as that of the boys of to-day. He was born on March 29th, 1790, in Charles Cit-y, Vir-gin-i-a, at a time when the whole land was at peace. No talk of the red men came to his young ears; and no fear fell like a dark cloud over the fun and play of his boy-hood. He was the son of a man who had for friends the great men of his day;—Wash-ing-ton and Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son were warm, close friends of old John Ty-ler; and he was at one time Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a. Young John was sent to school when he was a very-small boy; and, though he was fond of sports and games, he kept hard at work at his books and won a high place at school. He was a mere boy when he could en-ter Wil-liam and Ma-ry Col-lege; and he left in 1806 at the head of his class. He at once took up law with his fa-ther, and soon showed the good stuff of which he was made. Clear and quick was his mind, swift to think and feel; and his words came as fast as his thoughts. He rose with great, quick strides towards the first place in the land. In 1825 he was made Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a; and in 1827, was sent to Con-gress, where he kept his seat for six years; these were years of strife as to the slave trade, and there were fierce, hard words and harsh thoughts between the men of the North those of the South. Ty-ler was at home for a few years af-ter he left Con-gress, and took a high place as a law-yer. In 1836 he was put up with Har-ri-son in the race for the pres-

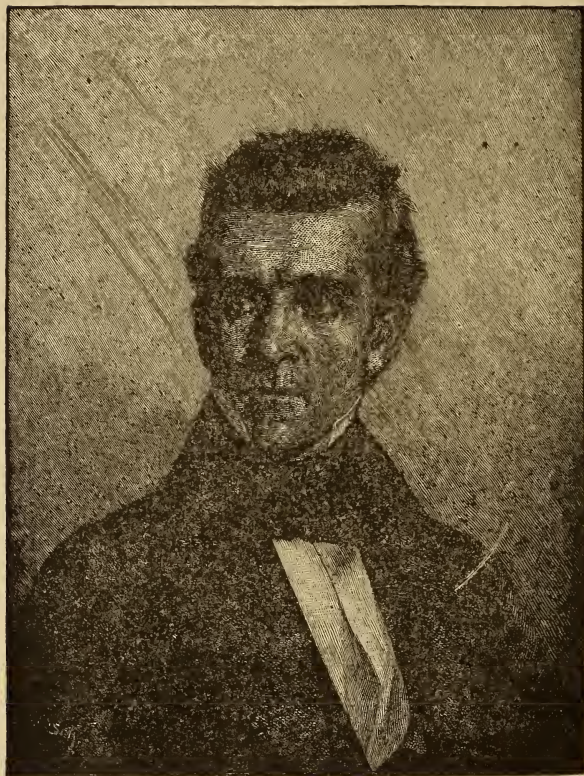


i-dent's chair. But it was not till 1840 that he won this place ; then, as the vice-pres-i-dent had not a great deal to do, Ty-ler went home to Wil-liams-burg. It was here that the sad news of Har-ri-son's death was brought to him, and he at once went on to Wash-ing-ton. Here he found he had a hard task ; for he and his Con-gress did not think the same on the great questions of the day and were ev-er at strife. One of his first acts was to put down a state war in Mis-sou-ri. A Mor-mon, by the name of Smith, and a band of men who thought as he did went down there to live ; folks there did not like this and tried to drive them out of the state, but this was a hard thing to do, for there were a-bout 12,000 Mor-mons. At last, Ty-ler sent troops there to put down the strife, and the Mor-mons were sent to Il-li-nois. They were here but a short time when the same old strife a-rose, and then they fled to the lands in the far west—where they are to-day, in the state of Utah. War broke out in Tex-as while Ty-ler was in the chair, and af-ter fierce fights be-tween the Tex-ans and Mex-i-cans the Tex-ans won, and were at the head of the state. They asked at once to come in-to the Un-ion, and in 1845 this great state came in. In the last year of Ty-ler's rule Sam-u-el F. B. Morse found out how to send words in just a flash of time through miles and miles of space ; and you chil-dren know well that the fine wire stretched from one great pole to the next on which the quick news was sent was called the "tel-e-graph."

At the end of Ty-ler's first term, James Knox Polk had the most votes, and so took the pres-i-dent's chair ; and this news was the first that was sent o-ver the tel-e-graph wires.



JOHN TYLER.



JAMES K. POLK.



## JAMES KNOX POLK.

As a boy James Knox Polk led a life that would please a good many of the boys of to-day. He was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, on November 2d, 1705 ; but in 1806 his father went to Duck Farm, Tennessee, and little James, eleven years old, was of much help in the new home. Where the day's work took the big, strong father, there went the small son ; if there was a long ride to get food or clothes from some big town, little James could help care for the horses and when his father and other men, for weeks at a time, were in the great, wild woods, hunting, making new roads, or helping each other build the log cabins, which were the homes of these early settlers, James would be there too, cooking meals and keeping the camp neat and bright for the men who came back tired and hungry at night.

So years passed by with much work in the open air and little of study or books ; but when James was fourteen years old it was time that he should earn money.

He was not a big, strong boy ; he could not stand rough, hard work on a farm ; he did not love to hunt ; he had no taste for war ; so he was put in a small store, that he might learn to manage a big store when he grew old.

Here he first saw some books, and his love for them awoke ; for weeks and months he worked alone with any book or paper he could find.

At last his father took him from the store and sent



him to school ; he was now eight-een, but he was so quick to learn, so bright and smart, that five years from this time he left the U-ni-ver-si-ty of North Car-o-li-na at the head of his class.

When he came back to Duck Riv-er, not on-ly was his fa-ther proud of his boy, but all Ten-nes-see knew that he was one of the bright-est young men in the state.

Now, just at this time, Gen-er-al Jack-son was fight-ing so brave-ly a-gainst the In-di-ans and all the boys of Ten-nes-see were as proud of this great he-ro as the boys of Vir-gin-i-a had been of Wash-ing-ton. In 1819, when young James Polk went to Nash-ville, Ten-nes-see, to take up law, he was near Jack-son's home ; and he and the great Gen-er-al be-came fast friends. It was ow-ing to Jack-son's help that, in 1824, Polk, then a bright young law-yer, took his first public step and was sent to the state leg-is-la-ture.

He a-rose so fast in the love and trust of his state that he was sent to Con-gress when on-ly thir-ty years old ; and here he stayed for thir-teen years.

In 1840 he went back to his home at Grun-dy's Hill in Nash-ville, hav-ing made a great name in Wash-ing-ton ; not once did he lose his hold on the great ques-tions of the day, e-ven while here at home ; and in 1845 he was chos-en pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States.

While he was in of-fice, once more the U-nit-ed States was at war, and this war is known as the " Mex-i-can War." Its cause was this :—

Our peo-ple in Mex-i-co said that a big tract of land down there was theirs ; the Mex-i-cans laid claim to it too ; so Gen-er-al Tay-lor went down to see that our rights were looked af-ter.

In the first fight he won, and lost but nine men ; then

he laid siege to their great cit-y of Mon-te-rey, and af-ter a hard fight took the town.

That same year Gen-er-al Scott took the cit-y of Ve-ra Cruz ; on Sep-tem-ber 14th, 1847, the A-mer-i-can troops took the cit-y of Mex-i-co, and the long war was at an end.

In 1848 came the news of great gold mines in Cal-i-for-ni-a ; and men went in such num-bers to this state that the "Gold Fe-ver of 1849" is a well known term to-day.

While Polk was in the chair, three new states came in ; and two of them were free states ; that is, no slaves could be kept there ; just at this time some men formed a band, and said that no slaves should be kept in an-y new state which the U-nit-ed States should gain.

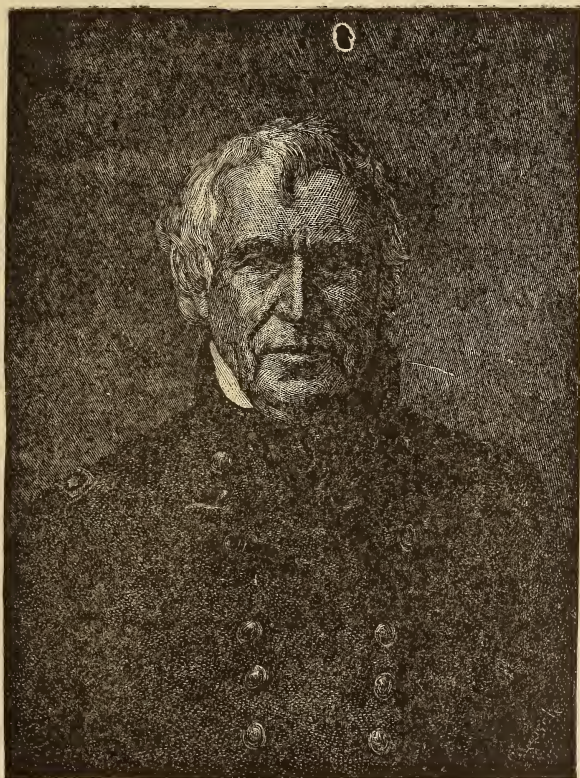
In 1849 Polk went home to Nash-ville, Ten-nes-see ; he was on-ly fif-ty-eight years old ; but was so worn out with years of work that he lived but a few months af-ter he got home ; he died on the 15th of June, in the same year.

## ZACH-A-RY TAY-LOR.

ZACH-A-RY TAY-LOR was born in Vir-gin-i-a, on No-vem-ber 24th, 1784 ; but when he was a small boy his fa-ther went to live in Ken-tuck-y ; and long af-ter the rest of the land was at peace this state was the scene of such fierce fights with the In-di-ans that it was known as "The dark and blood-y ground." It is not strange that this boy, who lived at a time when wo-men as well as men had to know how to load and fire guns, so that they could help to keep the red men from their homes, should have grown up to be a brave, strong man.

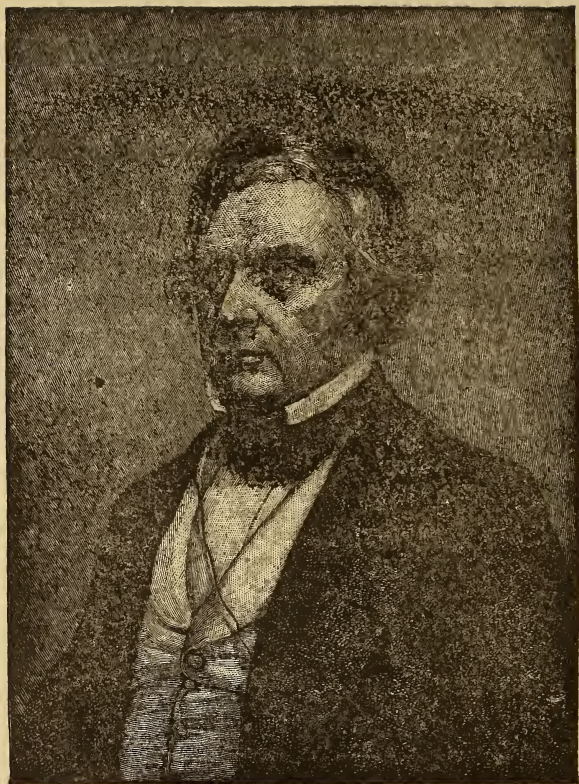
As a boy he went to good schools, but cared far more for the tales of war which his brave fa-ther told him than he did for his books ; he did love books which told of great fights and brave men, and read all that he could get. When he was just of age he went to war, in place of a friend, and was so brave and fear-less that he soon took a high place.

He was in the great fight of Tip-pe-ca-noe ; and all through the War of 1812 he showed great skill in his fights with the red men ;—well he knew all their tricks and modes of war. He gained great fame in Flor-i-da, when he was sent there to make the Sem-i-nole In-di-ans keep the peace. For years had this tribe of In-di-ans made war on the white men ; their chief, Os-ce-o-la, had, years a-go, gone to one of the forts with his wife, who was a slave girl ; he had been put in chains, and she held at the fort. In his rage, he had sworn to lead his men in war, when he could get to them ; at last his chance had come, and he had fled by night from



ZACHARY TAYLOR.





MILLARD FILLMORE.

the fort. To rouse his tribe and hurl them at the whites, was his first thought; and long and cruel were the fights that went on for years. At last Tay-lor was sent to Flor-i-da; and now a trick was played on this great chief of the In-di-ans; with a flag of truce, he came to the fort to talk with the gen-er-al; and by the or-ders of the gen-er-al, he was held there a pris-on-er; he was sent, at last, to Fort Moul-trie in Char-les-ton har-bor, and there, in the year 1838, he died. With their chief dead, the Sem-i-nole In-di-ans had no heart for war; and soon the few red men left of this great, fierce tribe were put far a-way from each oth-er, in new states, and there was peace in Flor-i-da.

Gen-er-al Tay-lor won great fame in the Mex-i-can War; in 1847 he won the fight of Bu-e-na Vis-ta, which took place on Wash-ing-ton's birth-day; and he won too the fights of Pa-lo Al-to and Mon-te-rey. On Sep-tem-ber 24th, 1847, our troops took the city of Mex-i-co, and the war was brought to an end. As Tay-lor went home to Ba-ton Rouge, he met with praise, at each place he passed; folks came in crowds to see the great he-ro; cheers filled the air; flags were raised and guns were fired; he was the i-dol of the land. His men too were fond of him, for all through the war he had been kind and good to them, and shared their hard life. He was such a he-ro to the whole land, that it is not strange that he was named for the next presi-dent, and got the most votes. He took the chair of state in 1849, but the brave old man came in just at the time when the strife a-bout slaves was at its height; and the cares of the of-fice were too much for him, as they had been for Har-ri-son. On Ju-ly 4th, 1850, there was a great time in Wash-ing-ton, in which he took part; but his health was too weak to stand this strain; and in the midst of his work, on Ju-ly 9th, 1850, the brave old In-di-an fight-er died.

## MIL-LARD FILL-MORE.

IN a log ca-bin way out in the western part of New York State, deep in the dense, wild woods, was born, on Jan-u-a-ry 7th, 1800, the boy who was to be the thir-teenth pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States. His fa-ther had gone there from Ver-mont, to get a-way from the In-di-ans, who gave no peace in his old home; and no house stood near-er than four miles to the lit-tle home he had built in the wild new land; there was no school; and if there had been lit-tle Mil-lard had not much time to go; for he was ver-y young, when he was taught to earn mon-ey and help in the lit-tle home. He learned how to make cloth from the soft white wool; and was hard at work, in this way, till he was nine-teen years old; then a love of books came to him; and a law-yer took note of him and gave him such aid that he soon took a high place in the law-stud-ies. When he was twen-ty-two, he went to Buf-fa-lo, and taught school, to help pay his way, as he went on with the stud-y of law. He was bright and quick, and, in 1823, he be-gan to prac-tise law and soon rose to such a high place in the state bar that his state sent him to Con-gress. Here his work was done so well that he was made vice-pres-i-dent, when Tay-lor took the pres-i-dent's seat; and on his death be-came pres-i-dent.

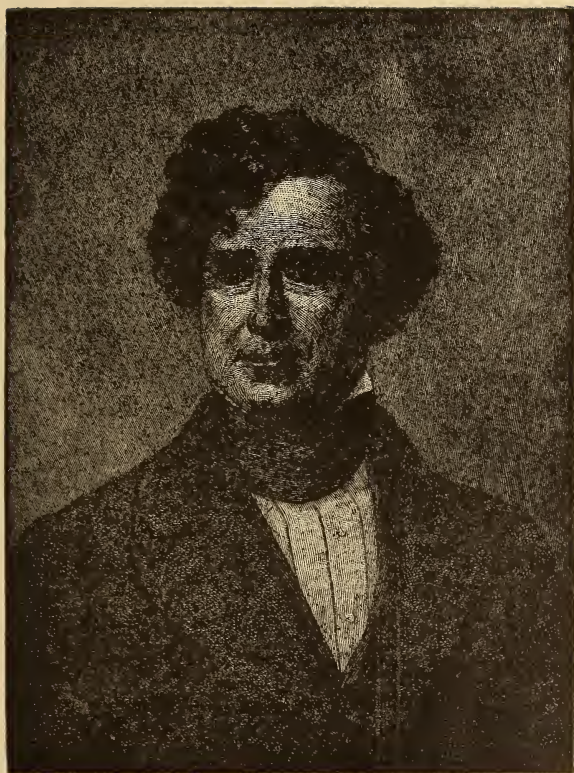
While he was in the chair one of his aids was the great Dan-i-el Web-ster, who looked af-ter the laws of all the states. He had been in of-fice but a short time, when a

band of men tried to get Cu-ba from Spain; but they were soon put down. He was in of-fice one term, and then went home to Buf-fa-lo, and took up the prac-tice of law a-gain. In 1855 he went to Eu-rope, where he stayed for one year; he then came home to lead a qui-et life, full of stud-y, till his death on March 8th, 1874.

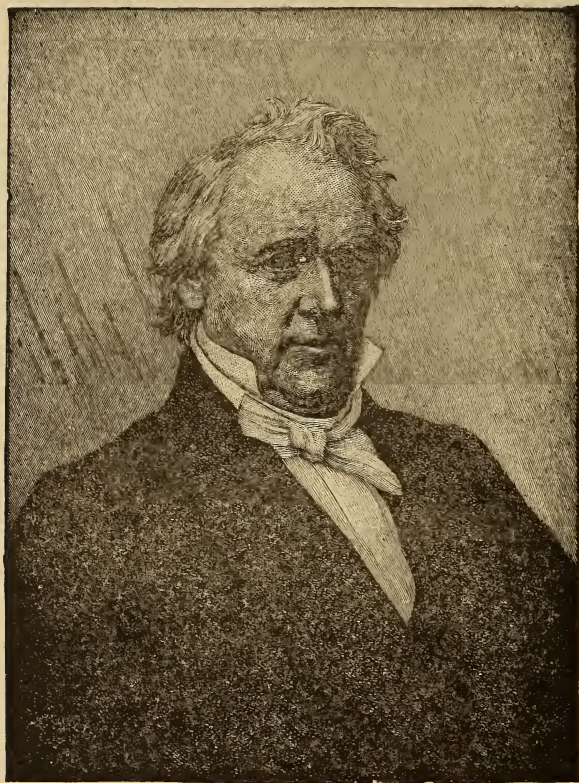


## FRANK-LIN PIERCE.

A BRAVE soldier in the War of the Revolution was Ben-jam-in Pierce, the father of the boy who was to be our fourteenth president; and it was in the old town of Hills-bor-ough, New Hamp-shire, that, on No-vem-ber 22d, 1804, Frank-lin Pierce was born. The father was a big strong man, fond of sports and fun of all kinds and much liked by all; he was the chief man in Hills-bor-ough, and was at one time gov-ern-or of his state. In such a home it is not hard to see that the life of lit-tle Frank-lin would be full of work and play as well. He was sent to good schools, and was just six-teen when he went to Bow-do-in Col-lege. He was full of fun, and at once took the lead in the col-lege life; but he worked hard at his books too; in 1824 he left col-lege, and took up the study of law, and soon be-came one of the bar. He was now at his old home in Hills-bor-ough, and folks felt that he was a man of brains and great force; he was sent to Con-gress, and held high of-fice in his state while he was still a young man; and in the Mex-ican War he showed him-self as brave a man as his fa-ther had been. At last, in 1853, he was made pres-i-dent. At this time, the strife as to the slave trade was at its height; some states wished to have slaves, while some held it wrong. At last Con-gress made a law that all new states should do as they pleased. The first "World's Fair" was



FRANKLIN PIERCE.



JAMES BUCHANAN.

held in New York, just at this time, in a great hall made of glass, which was known as "The Crystal Palace."

Pierce was in office one term ; at the end of that time he went back home to Concord, Massachusetts, where he lived a quiet life until his death, on October 8th, 1867.



## JAMES BU-CHAN-AN.

A STRONG, brave, young man from Ire-land was the fa-ther of our fif-teenth pres-i-dent. He had come here in 1783, and bought a small farm in Penn-syl-va-ni-a; so well did he do that he soon bought a store as well; and when, on A-pril 23d, 1791, at Cove Gap, lit-tle James was born, his fa-ther was quite a rich man. He sent his son to the best schools and he was just six-teen years old when he went to Dick-in-son col-lege. Here he took first place with ease. In 1809, when he left col-lege, he be-gan the stud-y of law. In the War of 1812 he served in the ar-my; and at the close of the war his state chose him to help make her laws. He was a young man when his state sent him to Wash-ing-ton where he held his place in Con-gress for ten years. In 1831 he was sent to Rus-sia to look out for our rights there; and in 1853 he held the same post in Eng-land. You see, he rose fast to the first place in the land, for in 1857 he was made pres-i-dent. While he was in the chair of state, the Prince of Wales came here for the first time, and this shows that Eng-land felt we were now one of the big coun-tries of the world, and that she must treat us as such.

It was while Bu-chan-an was pres-i-dent that Cy-rus W. Field laid the first wire un-der the O-cean, by which words could be sent from this new land to those old lands on the oth-er side. The talk a-bout slav-er-y was so fierce at this time that a fight in which brave lives were lost took place, and the name which shines out bright is that of John

Brown of Kan-sas. He was a friend of the black men, and took their part. He struck the first blow in their cause at the fort at Har-per's Fer-ry, which he held for two days. He took all the guns that were there, as he wished to arm the black men and then lead them to the South to fight for their friends, held there as slaves. Of course this was a-against the law of the land, and troops were sent to seize this brave and good man. His two sons fought with him, and he saw them both shot down, but he did not give up till in the heat of the fight he fell with six wounds. He did not die at this time; after this he was hung as one who had fought a-against the law of his land. His last act, as he was on his way to the place where he was to be hung, was to kiss a lit-tle ba-by which a poor slave held up to him as he passed.

His death was not in vain, for from now on the question of sla-ver-y was the talk of the whole land, and in 1860 South Car-o-li-na took the lead and said that she would not bear the laws of the Un-ion, but would rule her land in her own way. Soon, six more South-ern states said the same; and these states which cut loose from the North were called the "Con-fed-er-a-cy;" at the head as pres-i-dent was Jef-fer-son Da-vis.

This was the state of things when Bu-chan-an left the chair, and went to his home in Penn-syl-va-ni-a, at a place called Wheat-land.

In the last year of his life he wrote a book of his life, which is still in print. He died at his home on June 1st, 1868. He was the last of the "Peace" presi-dents, for it was A-bra-ham Lin-coln who took his place, and in his term the strife as to the slave trade led to our "Civ-il War."

## A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

THOM-AS LIN-COLN, who was the fa-ther of A-bra-ham Lin-coln, had seen a sad sight when he was but a boy of eight years ; while he and his brothers were hard at work with their fa-ther in the dense, wild woods which grew close to their small home in Ken-tuck-y, an In-di-an chief crept close to them ; he fired one shot, and the boys saw their big, strong fa-ther fall dead. They were brave boys, and while one ran for help, the oth-ers kept at bay the In-di-ans who came from the woods. A band of men soon came to their aid, and drove the fierce red men back to the woods. It was a rough, hard life in which Thom-as Lin-coln grew

up ; and he could not read or write when, at twen-ty years, he took as his wife Miss Nan-cy Hanks ; she was a bright girl and soon taught him at least to write his name.

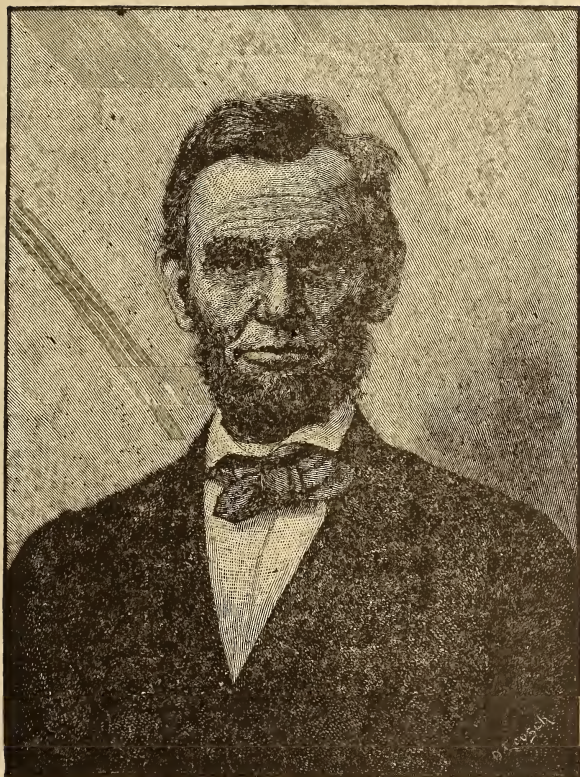
It was a poor log-house in Har-din Coun-ty, Ken-tuck-y, to which he took his bride ; and yet in this home so mean and small, was born, on Feb-ru-a-ry 12th, 1809, the boy who was to be pres-i-dent of this



LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME.

great land. Few boys and girls know what it is to be as poor as this lit-tle boy was, or to lead as hard and sad a life. His clothes were thin and poor, his shoes,





ABRAHAM LINCOLN.





when he had an-y, were oft-en full of holes; he did not al-ways have as much as he would like to eat, and in the long, hard win-ters he was oft-en ver-y cold. It was not an eas-y life, and it was full of hard work, for peo-ple in this rough place could not read and there were no schools; but when he was still a young boy his folks moved to In-di-an-a, and though there was more work to be done, life was not quite so sad, for he and his sister Nan-cy now had a play-mate, their cous-in, Den-nis Hanks, who was full of life and fun. "Abe," as folks called him, was but eight years old when his par-ents went out into the West to live, but he was so strong that he could help chop down the trees of which the new home was made; then, too, he learned how to shoot the game and wild fowl in the big woods, and so could bring good things in-to the house to eat. But a dark time came in his life soon for the kind, good moth-er took sick and died. Her death was a great loss to "Abe," and he felt much grief that there was no one to say a pray-er at her grave; so he wrote to the min-is-ter in the old home in Ken-tuck-y, and asked him if he would not come there and bless his moth-er's grave. This good man came as soon as he could, but it was a long while af-ter her death be-fore "Abe" had his wish. That win-ter was long and hard for the poor lit-tle boy and girl with no moth-er to see that they were warm, or that they had good food to eat; but in the fall of 1819, the fa-ther brought home a new wife, Mrs. Sal-ly John-son and now at last a ray of bright light came to stay with "Abe" and Nan-cy. The new moth-er was a good, kind wo-man, and was quite rich for those days. She soon had the home bright and neat; she put good warm clothes on "Abe" and Nan-cy; saw that they had food to eat and at once sent them to school.

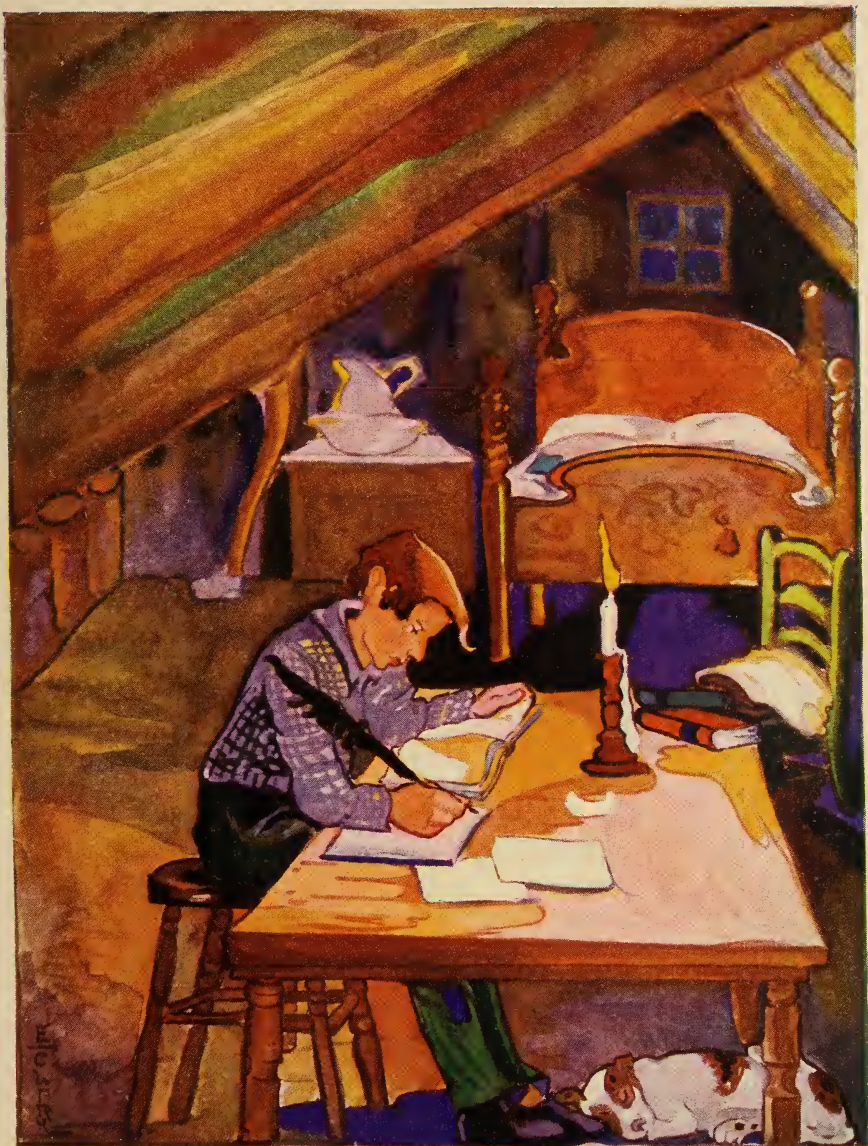
"Abe" was now eleven years old, tall and big, and of more strength than most boys of his age. His father hired him out for all sorts of work; to pitch hay, to chop wood, to help on the farm; no work was too hard for this big, strong boy; but, with all this work, he kept at his books too. Late at night, while all the rest slept, he would study his books; and as books were few he read them many times over; one of the books he loved the most was the "Life of Washington."

He was a young man, for it was in March, 1828, that a chance came to him to see more of life; he was hired to take a boat filled with skins down the Mississippi River to New Orleans; he did this work well, and when he came back was paid a good price for it. He was just of age when his folks went to Illinois to live; and now he helped build a home, cleared a big field in which it stood, split rails to fence it in, and then went off to make his own way in life.

The first thing he did was to help build a flat-boat and then take it down to New Orleans; when he came back the man who owned the boat gave him a place in his store at New Salem; and now he had a good chance to get books to read; and you may be sure he was glad of this. He was soon known in the place as a bright young man, and one who would not lie, or steal, or do any mean thing; he was full of fun and jokes, and the folks in the town were all fond of him; he was called "Honest Abe." When the "Black Hawk War" broke out he went at the head of a small band of men to the seat of war; he was in no great fight, but learned much of war and how to rule the rough men who were in his care.

When he came home he was felt to be one of the first men in the town, and in 1834 he took a high place in the





Late at night, while all the rest slept, he would study his books.  
(Page 62) *(Lives of the Presidents.)*





state. He now took up the study of law, and was soon in active practice; he had a good, kind heart, and did much good to those who were too poor to pay him. In 1846 he was sent to Congress; this time he was there but one year; then came back to Springfield, Illinois, and built up a fine law practice. His name was now known through all this great land; and in the slave strife he was always on the side of the slaves. He spoke so often for the slaves that in 1860, the South said if he was put up for president, by the North and West, they would leave the Union. But he was just the man to fill this high office at this time; and as he had the most votes he took the office of President in 1861. There is a story told of these days, which shows that Lincoln, when a great man, had no shame for the days when he was poor. Old John Hanks, who had helped him build that rail fence so long ago, came to Illinois with two of those rails; and on them was a big card which told where they came from, and who split them. Lincoln was just about to make a speech to a big crowd; and when he saw these rails he said that he had split them when a boy, but thought he could do better now. Then shouts and cheers went up from the crowd, you may be sure; and from that time Lincoln was known in the race for president as "The Rail Splitter."

When he left his home to go to Washington, a great crowd came to see him off, but he was so sad he could not say much to them. There were plots to kill him at this time, and he knew it; but he gave no thought to his own life, and went straight to his post of duty as President. It was with a sad heart that he saw this great land torn with war; and he would have been glad to keep peace, but this he could not do. When the South fired at the flag

of the Union at Fort Sum-ter, a cry went up through the whole land. The South fought for what it called "States Rights;" the right of each state to rule in its own way; but this Lin-coln would not have. He cared more for the Union than he did for the slaves; for, though he thought all men should be free, he said, if he could save the Union, he did not care if not one slave was made free; he had no wish to keep the South from its rights; but, at last, he felt it wise to send out a bill, which said that all the slaves should be free, and have the same rights as white men. This land was in no state for war; much had to be done; clothes and food got for the troops; and arms as well had to be made or bought at once. The first great fight was at Bull Run in Vir-gin-i-a; and the loss of life on both sides was great; the North lost from the first; men who had nev-er been in a fight be-fore went mad with fear and ran for their lives. But at the fight at Get-tys-burg the men of the North were brave and fought with such skill that the great fight was won by the North.

Grant was put at the head of the troops who went down to free Mis-sis-sip-pi; and it was not long be-fore he placed the Stars and Stripes over this fair state. The South made a brave fight, for what it thought was right and just; but as the war went on, the troops of the South were in a bad state; they could get no food, no clothes, and so ma-ny men had been shot that in the last years of the war young boys had to help fill up the ranks. Now came Sher-man's march to the sea, and he took Sa-van-nah and all its guns and stores. This was a great blow, and now one by one the sea-ports of the South fell in-to the hands of the North. At last Gen-er-al Lee, a great and good man of the South, sent word to Grant that he would come to terms and make

peace. Grant was kind at this hard time; he let Lee keep his sword, and said that the men might keep all their horses. It was in April, 1865, that peace came to our great land; and the North went mad with joys; bells pealed, and fires blazed in the streets; flags were raised and guns were fired; but in the South there was no joy; only great grief.

From the grief of the South a great crime sprang; on the night of April 14th, as Lincoln sat in a box at the theatre watching a play he was shot by a man from the South named Wilkes Booth. When he had shot Lincoln, this man sprang on the stage and tried to run from the place; he fell and broke his leg; but in this state he got to the door, where he jumped on his horse and fled for his life. He was found at last in a barn, and made such a brave fight for his life that the barn had to be set on fire before he could be caught; even then he would not come out and give himself up; but fought till he was shot down where he stood.

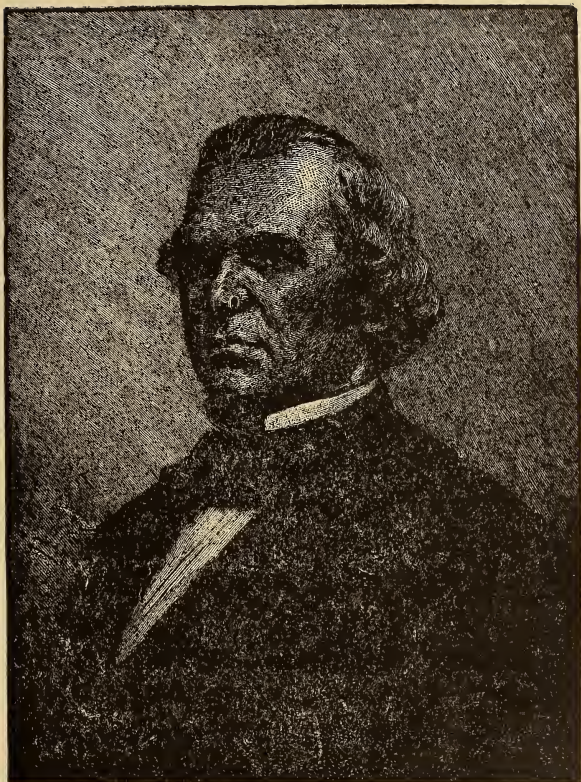
Lincoln had been shot in the back of his head, and could not move or speak;—men took him with care to a house near by, but there was no help for him; and in the early morn of the next day a great life came to a sad end. The whole land, the South as well as the North, wept at his death; for no sane man felt that Booth's deed was wise or just; and to this day the name of Abraham Lincoln, the "Saviour of his Country," is held dear by North and South.



## AN-DREW JOHN-SON.

AN-DREW JOHN-SON'S life as a boy was quite as hard as that of lit-tle "Abe" Lin-coln. He was born in Ra-leigh, North Car-o-li-na, on De-cem-ber 29th, 1808, in a small log cab-in ; and near his home were the big farms of the rich men of the South, on which lived in more ease than he the slaves, who looked down on his fa-ther and mo-ther as "poor white trash."

His fa-ther died when An-drew was but four years old ; he must have been a brave man, for he lost his life try-ing to save a man from drown-ing. Lit-tle An-drew was too poor to go to school ; he had to try and earn mon-ey, when he was but ten years old ; so he was sent to a tail-or to learn to make clothes ; here, for five years he worked hard ; and then he heard a man read ; and for the first time it came to his mind that he could learn to do this ; he got the men in the shop to teach him his "A, B, C ;" and he was so quick to learn that soon he could read a lit-tle ; but it was not till he was wed to a bright yo'ung girl that he learned a great deal of books ; this was w hen he was eight-een, and he had gone to Green-ville, Ten-nes-see, to set up in life for him-self. These young folks were both poor, but both bright ; and the wife was a great help to John-son all through his life. He rose fast in his new home ; we see him, from the first, take the part of the poor ; and he was soon put in high of-ice in the town ; it was not long ere he rose to a high place in the state, and, in 1843, we see the poor lit-tle tail-or



ANDREW JOHNSON.



boy of 1826 in the halls of Congress, standing up for the rights of the class in which he was born. In 1846 he took the seat of John Quincy Adams, who was too sick to hold it; does it not seem strange that two men who had lived as boys so unlike should rise to just the same place? For ten years he was in Washington, where he helped make the laws of the land; then in 1853, he was made governor of Tennessee. When the Civil War broke out, he took sides with the North, though he was born in the South and lived there; and when Lincoln was made president he took the next place as vice-president.

On Lincoln's death, he took the president's chair. The whole land was now upset; in the South the white men had no work; and the slaves did not know how to care for themselves. In the North there was strife as to the terms on which the South should come back into the Union; and on many things Johnson and his Congress did not think the same; so there was strife between them. It came to its height in 1868, when the Senate tried Johnson for "high crimes and misdemeanors;" this means that Congress thought the president did not act for the good of the land, and should be put out of office; but the men who tried him did not all think the same; and most of them said he should keep his place.

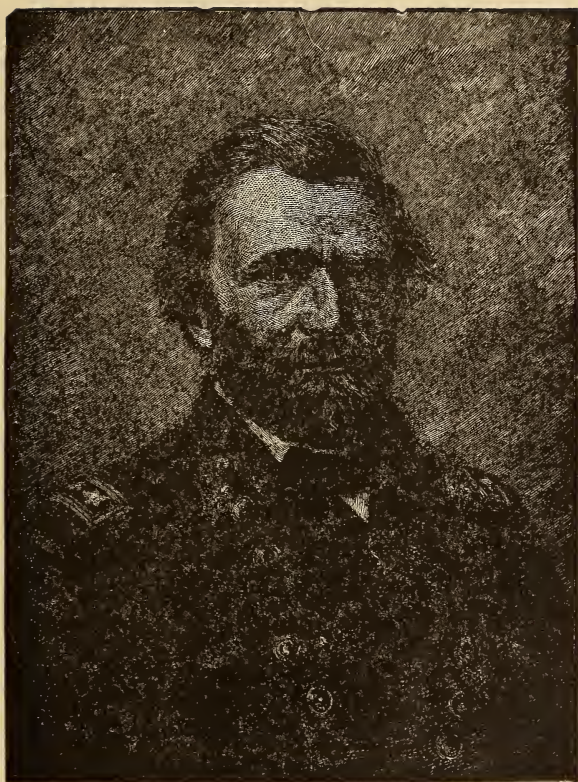
So he was in the chair for four years, and then went home to Elizabethtown, Tennessee, where he lived till his death on July 29th, 1875.



## U-LYSES SIMPSON GRANT.

THE boy who was to be first a great general in the army, and then President of the United States, was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27th, 1822. As a boy he did not care for books, but was fond of sports and games, and had a great love for horses; he was but eight years old when he put a young colt to a sled, and hauled sticks and logs from the woods to his home; and he was but twelve when he made a trade of a horse he had for a young colt which had not been used much; on his way home a dog sprang at the colt, which, at once, mad with fear, tried to run away; the boy held fast to his reins, and stopped the colt just on the edge of a great cliff; but it was in such fear that it would not move, and the boy for a time knew not what to do. At last he took his handkerchief, tied it over the colt's eyes, and so drove him home. Folks near the Grant home said there was no horse which young U-lyses could not ride; he was a boy who had a firm will and strong nerves; and was at the head in all sports or games; for young boys soon learn which one of them must take the lead.

He did not stand so high in school, but did his tasks well; and in 1839 he went to West Point. Here he soon had many friends; and they gave him a name which clung to him for life; he was called "Uncle Sam," from the U. S. in his first two names. At West Point, he read a great deal of war, and the men who had done brave deeds for their



ULYSSES S. GRANT.



coun-try; and when he left there he was, at heart, as well as in name, a sol-dier of his coun-try. He at once took his place with the troops, who were at war with the In-di-ans in the West; but his first big fight was at Pa-lo Al-to in 1846. At the close of this war Grant, who had shown much skill, and knew no fear, was sent to the West once more to force the In-di-ans to keep peace.

He was in Cal-i-for-ni-a while the gold craze was at its height, to try and make the rough men who came in search of gold keep the laws of the land. Then, from 1854, he had a few years of peace, and start-ed to tan hides and skins, in Ga-le-na, Il-li-nois; but his life was ev-er at his coun-try's call; and he was one of the first men to take up arms in the Civil War. He was made a gen-er-al soon after the war broke out; and one of his first acts was to block all the streams and roads near his post at Cai-ro, on the O-hio River, so that the South could get no food or arms. Grant was known as a brave fight-er, and oft-en was in the midst of the fight at the head of his men. At a great loss of life to his troops, he took two strong forts from the South, Forts Hen-ry and Don-el-son; and then came that great fight at Shi-loh; where the troops of the South were cut down, and the North won the day; Grant was now put next to the head of the whole ar-my; and at once tried to take the cit-y of Vicks-burg. The siege of this cit-y was hard for those in its walls, and for the troops in front of it; for Grant and his men could get no food from the North, and the cit-y was quite cut off from help. The cit-y made a brave stand for two long months; but had to give in at last, and at the end of that time Grant and his men marched in-to the cit-y; now this great gen-er-al showed what a kind heart he had, for he gave food and clothes to



the poor men who had fought so long and so well, to save their town; and he tried hard, at this time, to think of some way to bring the war to a close. Grant was not a hard man, but he was a just one; and in his camps, the men must live the right sort of lives; he would not let his men steal food from the farms about them, or rob the poor folks in their homes. He was a plain man, and his dress showed his plain tastes; once, when he had his troops march past him, that he might see how they looked, he wore such a plain garb that his captains were dressed better than he. He wore no sword, sash, nor belt; just a plain, dark suit, with a soft felt hat on his head, and a pair of kid gloves on his hands; he was a great smoker, and, it is said, his big plans were all made when his cigar was in his mouth. In 1863, Grant won a great fight at Chattanooga; and in the fierce fight in the Wilderness, he and General Lee met for the first time.

Grant's next great work was to seize Petersburg; and so he laid siege to the town; he dug a huge mine in front of the doomed city, and filled it full of powder that would go off when fired with a match; when this great charge went off, the fort was blown to small bits, and heaps of dead and dying men lay in the midst of the ruin; but the brave men of the South still held the fort, and drove back the troops from the North as they rushed up; and so well did they fight that Grant and his men had to draw back, and leave Petersburg alone for some time.

The next time he tried to take the town though, General Lee, who was in charge, was forced to yield; and soon the red, white and blue waved over the Southern city. Soon after this, Grant took from Lee all the troops in his

charge ; and it was now plain to see that the war must soon end.

You read in the life of Lin-coln, of the terms of peace which Grant gave to the great chief of the South ; and it seems that these two men, Grant and Lee, had no hard thoughts for each other ; for when peace was made, they shook hands, and part-ed friends. Each had done his best in the cause he thought right. Grant's trip to the North when the war was at an end was a grand one ; crowds rushed to see the man who had saved the Union, and cheers and shouts rang to the skies. He was, of course, named for pres-i-dent and a great vote put him in of-fice.

He was in the pres-i-dent's seat for two terms ; and was the on-ly man since Wash-ing-ton, who was thought of for a third term ; but this the whole land said no to ; as no man should be pres-i-dent longer than Wash-ing-ton had been. In Grant's last term, a big fair was held in Phil-a-del-phi-a, called the " Cen-ten-ni-al ;" to keep in mind this was the great day on which this land was made free. At the end of Grant's two terms, he took a tour of the world ; and all lands made much of the sol-dier pres-i-dent ; rich gifts were placed in his hands ; and at the courts of the old world, kings and queens were glad to have this plain qui-et man as a guest.

His last home was in New York ; and here, in 1884, he fell sick ; he lost much mon-ey at this time, and was, in truth, a poor man. But he was, to the last, a brave man ; and in the midst of much pain, he wrote the book of his life, that when he was dead his wife should have mon-ey from its sale.

He died after eight long months of great pain, at Mt. Mc-Greg-or, near Sar-a-to-ga ; on July 23d, 1885, his bod-y lay

in state in New York for some days, and crowds from far and near came to view this great man for the last time.

He was laid to rest August 8th, 1885, at River-side Park, New York City; and the white marble tomb that marks this spot is a gift to the great dead, from the land he served so well.

## RUTH-ER-FORD B. HAYES.

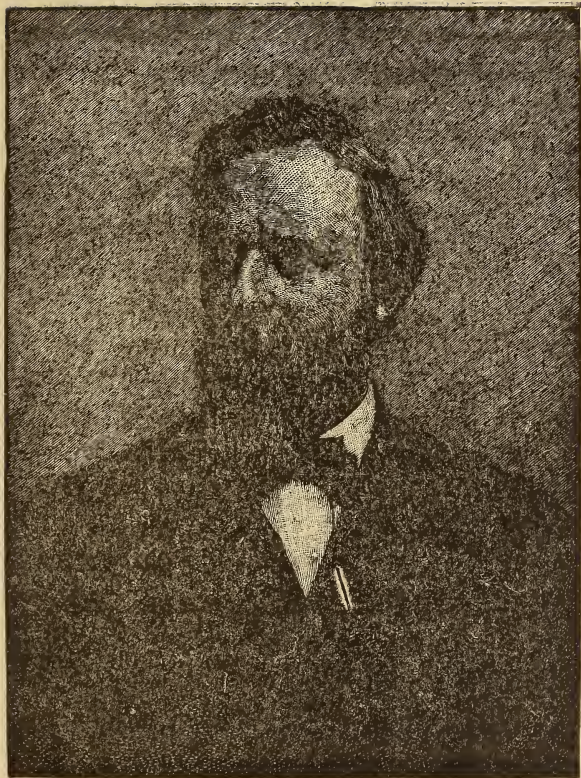
RUTH-ER-FORD B. HAYES was born in Del-a-ware, O-hi-o, Oc-to-ber 4th, 1822 ; such a strong, ro-sy lit-tle boy was he, that he had the pet name of "Rud-dy ;" his fa-ther had a big farm and a store as well, so he was quite rich, and lit-tle Rud-dy grew up in a bright and hap-py home. He came of a race of brave men, who had fought and died for this fair land in the wars of the Rev-o-lu-tion and of 1812 ; and he grew up as brave as they. He and his lit-tle sis-ter Fan-ny went when young to a small school near their home ; and the good, wise moth-er helped them with their books at home ; Ruth-er-ford worked hard at school, and went when quite young to the high school, where he soon stood at the head of his class. He was six-teen when he went to Ken-yon Col-lege, Ohio. Now, though he was so good at his books, he loved sport and fun as well ; and he was so strong, that he could walk miles on the cold-est of days, and yet get no hurt. Once he walked all the way from col-lege to his home and back, when the snow lay deep on the ground, and this was for-ty miles ; he could swim and skate, and knew how to fish and hunt ; the boys at col-lege all liked him ; he had hosts of friends, and the strong, brave will that kept him at the head in games and sports put him first in his class too. He left col-lege in 1842, and took up the stud-y of law at Har-vard Col-lege ; in 1846, he was made one of the bar, and took up prac-tise of law in Cin-cin-nat-i. When the Civ-il War broke out, he, as cap-tain of a band of men from his home, did brave, good work. Once he was shot and fell to



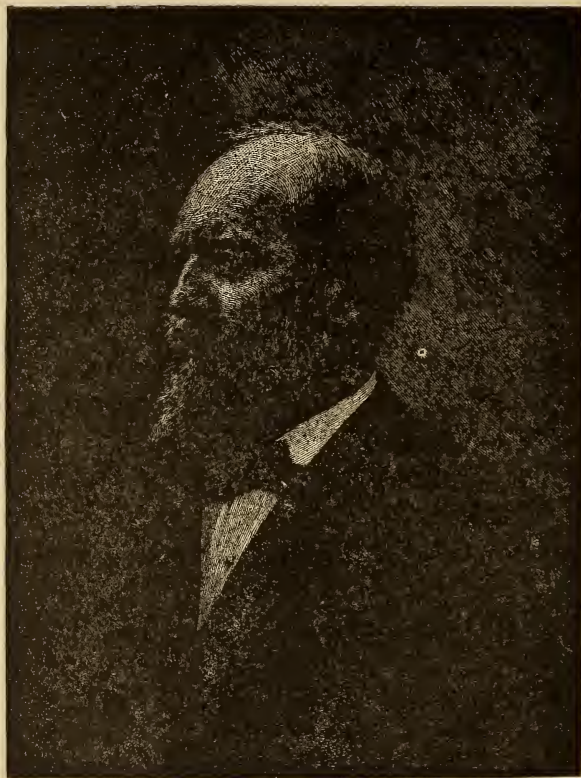
the ground; but he did not give up; he told his men what to do as he lay therein great pain, and kept up till some one came to take his place as leader. At the end of the war, he was a general; and was much loved by his men. He was sent to Congress by his state; and then made its governor for three terms. In 1876, he was made president; though some thought by a fraud in the count; and the Democrats said that their man, Samuel J. Tilden, should have been president. While Hayes was at the White House, there was a great labor strike, from the East to the West, on all the railroads. The heads of the roads said that they would not pay the men, in their hire, as much as they had done; and so, all the men left their work and no trains could run, for the men came in great mobs to stop them; at last, they rose in arms, and then the troops were sent out to force them to keep the peace; nine men were killed, and some of the rest were badly hurt. But the men did not give up for a long time; they held Pittsburg for two days, and burned cars and the grain kept in them.

Of course, in the end, the law had to be obeyed and the mobs were made to come to terms, and lay down their arms.

There was a war with the Indians while Hayes was in the chair; but this was put down by General Howard; and after some fierce fights, the chiefs were caught and bound to keep the peace. There was a change made in the way of life at the White House while Hayes was there, for no wine was ever put on the table for guests or for the president and his wife; this was the first time, and so far, the only time, that wine has not had its place at least at the state meals at the White House. Hayes was in Washington for one term and then went to his home in Massachusetts. He died on January 17th, 1893.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.



## JAMES A-BRAM GAR-FIELD.

IN rough log cab-ins, out in the midst of wild woods, we have read that six of our pres-i-dents were born ; the sev-enth, James A-bram Gar-field, was born in Or-ange, O-hi-o, on No-vem-ber 19th, 1831.

His fa-ther had built, with his own hands, their small, rude home ; and it stood deep in the wild wood, whose trees would, at times, catch fire from the sparks thrown from the steam en-gines some miles off. Near the Gar-field home was their field of grain ; one day this caught fire, and in trying to save his wheat, the fa-ther of lit-tle James lost his life. It was a hard life to which he left his young wife and the four lit-tle ones ; but she was a brave good wo-man ; she had to work hard of course, and so did the boys ; but the moth-er taught them from books as well ; and lit-tle James was but four years old when he went to his first school. He was a tough, strong boy, and soon did a large part of the farm work ; in the long sum-mers he had the most work to do, and then in the win-ters he could go to school ; he was a brave boy, for the school was miles from home, and his road lay through the deep woods, in which wild beasts roamed at will. But he went his way, and if he felt fear, did not show it ; he had a great love for books, and late at night, with the big wood-fire for his light, he would read o-ver and o-ver his few books. His moth-er had taught him to love the Bi-ble, and this Good Book he knew well. But, at last, the time came when he was so old that



he could leave home, and so help the mother more than he had done. The first thing he did was to drive mules on the tow-path of the O-hi-o Canal; here he earned \$10.00 a month, but the men he met were coarse and rough, and the life rude and vile; so, with a sad heart, the young boy, fresh from his good home in the quiet woods, took what he had made here, and went back to the place he loved. He was sick for a long while now; and as he lay on his bed, he made up his mind that he would go to college, and lead a good, useful life out in the big world; that he would use his brains more than his hands. With this hope in front of him, he made money in the summer to pay his way at school in winter; and soon knew all that they could teach and went to Hiram College; here at first he did all sorts of work to pay his way; rang the bells, swept the floors, and built the fires; but he was soon paid to teach in the college, for he was too bright and quick to do such hard work long. In 1854, he went to Williams College, and left at the head of his class in 1856.

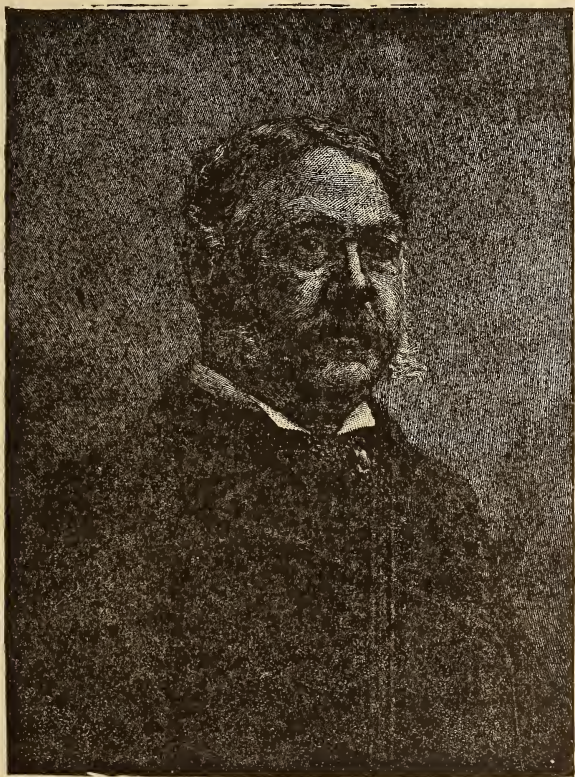
From now on he rose fast; he taught school when he left college; his boys loved the big strong man and said so much in his praise, that men learned to love him too; and in 1859 he was made one of the O-hi-o Senate, and soon after sent to Congress. Then came the Civil War, in which he fought bravely; he won much fame in some of the great battles, and was made a general. He was a warm, close friend of Lincoln; and on the day of Lincoln's death, it was Garfield who spoke such calm, good words to a mob of men on Wall Street, New York, that he kept them from rash acts at this sad time. At the close of the war, Garfield was in Europe for a short time; and when he came home, he was sent to Congress, where he kept his seat for

a long time. In 1880 he was named for president, and took his seat in 1881. But there was a great grief in store for this land, once more. On July 2d, 1881, just four months from the time he took his seat, Garfield was shot by Charles Guiteau, as he, with James G. Blaine, was on his way to take a train north from Washington. They bore him back to the White House, and the man who had done this foul act was seized. The whole land prayed for Garfield's life, but he grew worse fast ; and it was thought best at last to take him to Long Branch, where it was cooler than in Washington. But the long, hot months dragged on ; and the sick man did not grow well in the cool salt air, as it had been hoped ; in spite of all care, the president failed day by day ; and on September 19th, 1881, the whole world heard with sorrow of this good man's death. The great men of the day wept side by side, as Garfield lay in state in Washington ; and men of note, in all walks of life, felt his death as a great grief. He now lies at rest in Cleveland, O-hi-o. Guiteau was hanged for the crime he had done ; and it is but just to say, that some thought he was not in his right mind when he shot Garfield.

## CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR was born in Fair-field, Ver-mont, on Oc-to-ber 5th, 1830, and his fath-er had charge of the church in that place and was one of the first men to speak for the poor slaves. Now, in those days, those good men did not live as well as they do now ; for folks were poor in the small towns ; so this small boy was also born in a log cab-in ; but he was sent to good schools, and was quite young when he knew so much that he could go to Un-ion Col-lege. All the time he was here he paid his own way, and when he left Col-lege he taught school, so that he could lay by means to go to New York and stud-y law. He was soon in law prac-tise, and he and an old school-mate made the name of their firm well known. Ar-thur took the part of the black race, just as his fa-ther had done, and in 1856, he won a suit which let the ne-groes ride in horse-cars with the whites. A slave-girl had been put off a car and Ar-thur took up her case and won it. For some years he held high of-fice in the state of New York and was a gen-er-al in the Civ-il War ; he was not in the fights, but saw that the troops had clothes and food ; he did this hard task so well that, when the war was at an end, the pres-i-dent gave him the best place in New York State ; he was made chief of the great port of New York and held this post for two terms.

In 1880 he was made vice-pres-i-dent with Gar-field as pres-i-dent ; and, of course, took the chair when Gar-field died. He held this place for one term and then went back



CHESTER A. ARTHUR





to his home in New York City, and took up his law work. There was a split in his party at the end of his term; some men wished Arthur to run once more for president, but more wished James G. Blaine of Maine; so, of course, Blaine was named. The Democrats named Grover Cleveland; and as all the men on that side wished this one man to win, he had the most votes; and for the first time in a long while, the Democrats won in the race for president.

Two years from the time that Arthur came home, and right in the midst of his law work, he died in New York City; this was on November 18th, 1886; and he was laid to rest in Albany.

## STEPHEN GRO-VER CLEVELAND.

THE race of brave, strong men from whom Stephen Gro-ver Cleve-land sprang made their first homes here, in Mas-sa-chu-setts, as far back as 1635. His father had charge of a small church in Cald-well, New Jer-sey, and here, in a neat white frame house, which you may see for your-selves to-day, was born, on March 18th, 1837, the boy who was to rise, step by step, to the presi-dent's seat.

He was three years old when they moved to Fay-et-ville, New York, and here he first went to school and lived till he was twelve years old. He showed a strong will, and a great love for books, as a small boy; he would have his own way, if he could get it; and this was why he was sent to a high school, when he was not so old by some years, as the rest of the boys there; he gave his father no rest till he sent him; and once there he made up his mind to lead his class.

He was just twelve when his strong will sent him to work in a store near his home, so that he could help care for the big fam-i-ly in the small home. The man who hired him, soon saw that, if he was young, he knew how to work well, and that he could trust him; for two years he worked in the store and then went back to his books.

But, just at this time, his father died; and he then had to find a way to care for those in great need at home. With the same pluck that he had shown in the past, he now went to work in a "Home for the Blind," in New York. In this big cit-y, the bright boy saw and heard much which gave

him new thoughts, and put in his heart the wish to make his life a great one. At the end of two years in the "Home," he made up his mind to learn law; and he asked a man whom he knew to lend him twenty-five dollars to start him. The fact that this man did so shows that he had trust in young Gro-ver Cleve-land; he could now start his work, and went to Buf-fa lo to do so. Here he lived for eight years; at first he helped his un-cle, in the care of a big farm, and the mon-ey he so made was sent to his moth-er. Soon he had the chance to stud-y law; the place where he went was two miles from his un-cle's home, but back and forth, rain or shine, he walked each day. There is told a tale that shows how he loved the books of law; for, the first day he went to this place, a book was put in his hands to read; he kept at it for hours, till dark came; then he found the rest of the men had gone home; all the doors were locked; and he must stay there all night.

Such hard work soon made him a man who well knew the law; and folks gave him big cases that brought him much fame. He did not go to the war, when it broke out, for he felt that he could not leave his folks at home with no one to care for them.

He rose fast in his law work; and more than one great case did he win; he cared far more to take the part of the poor than of the rich; and at no time in his life did he look for high place or fame; it came to him though, for he was just the man to fill a high post well. His name was soon known in his state and at Wash-ing-ton; for three years he was Sher-iff of E-rie Coun-ty and then he took up his law prac-tise once more; but soon he was put at the head of his cit-y as its May-or; and then was made the Gov-ern-or of the great state of New York. Here he did good work; he put



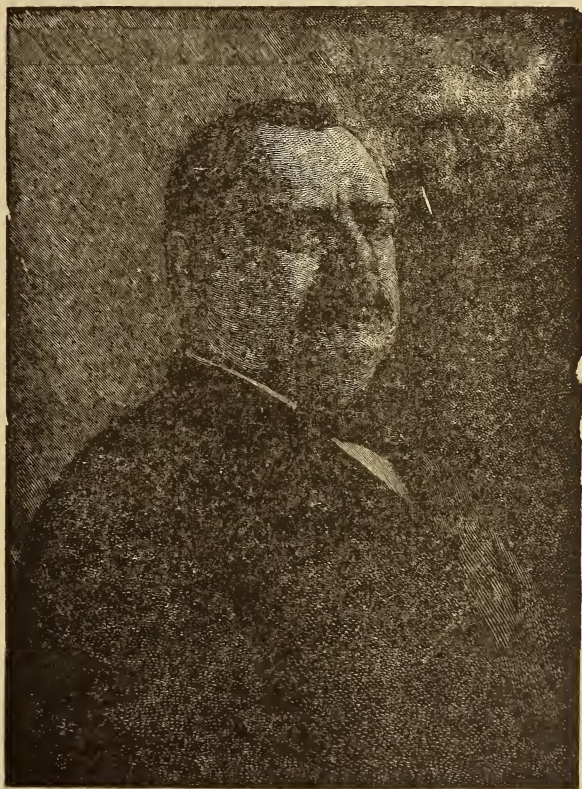
down those who had tak-en bribes, and had not been good, true men, and he tried to see that the laws were well kept; men saw that he was the right man to fill this high place, for he had no fear of what might be thought of him; he just did as he felt right; and so, while he was still gov-ern-or, he was named for pres-i-dent by a great vote, and was e-lect-ed. When he took the oath of of-fice in Wash-ing-ton, he did not kiss the big Bi-ble which oth-er pres-i-dents had kissed, but a little old book, much worn with use, which his moth-er had giv-en to him when he first left home. He was in the chair four years and while here, he took for his wife Miss Fran-ces Fol-som; he was the first pres-i-dent to wed in the White House. Cleve-land was pres-i-dent for four years; at the end of that time, the Re-pub-li-cans placed Ben-jam-in Har-ri-son in the pres-i-dent's chair.

But, at the end of one term, once more the Dem-o-crats won the day; and a-gain, in 1893, we see Gro-ver Cleve-land pres-i-dent.

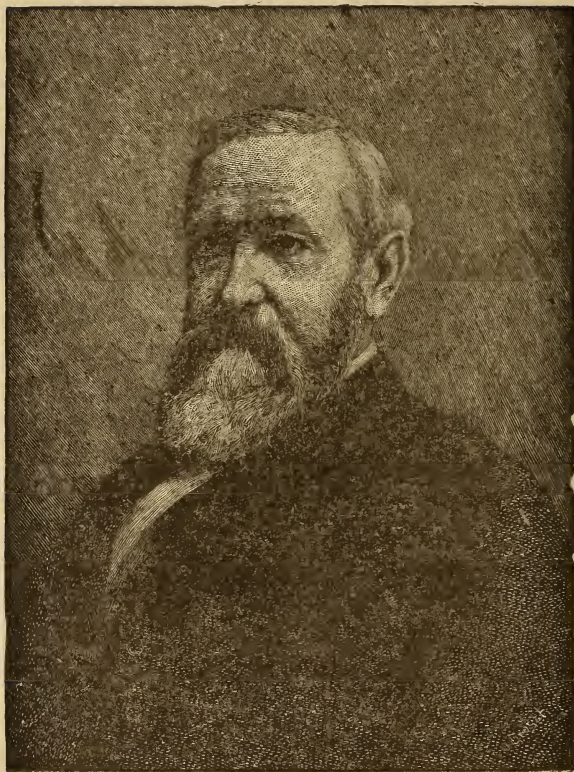
In May of 1894, the World's Fair was o-pen-ed; and few boys and girls are too young to know some-thing of the beau-ty of the Great White Cit-y built on the shores of Lake Mich-i-gan in Chi-ca-go. In the last years of Cleve-land's term, there was much talk of the state of things in Cu-ba. The men there wished to be free from Spain, who had ruled them, with a hard hand, for hun-dreds of years.

Spain sent down troops of sol-diers; and harsh laws were made to force the Cu-bans to keep the peace. But Cu-ba would not give up; and the U-ni-ted States be-gan to feel pit-y for this brave lit-tle is-land, try-ing to get free.

In the midst of the strife, Cleve-land's term of of-fice came to an end, and he went to New York to live and take up law again. In 1897, when he was six-ty years old, he



GROVER CLEVELAND.



· BENJAMIN HARRISON.



moved to Prince-ton, New Jer-sey, and lived there the rest of his life.

As a boy, we have seen that he had not much time to go to school ; but he loved books all his life, and now, in his old age, he could live a life of stud-y, as well as find time to hunt and fish, both sports he liked very much.

Prince-ton Col-lege paid him the hon-or of mak-ing him a Doc-tor of Laws ; and he gave lec-tures (talks) on law at that Col-lege.

The great men of the day were proud to be known as his friends ; and he was known to the whole world as one of the first men in our land.

He spent his sum-mers at his home at Buz-zards Bay, Mass.; and his win-ters in Prince-ton, All through his long life he had been known as a man who could say "No" and mean it, when he thought a thing was wrong ; and this was so well known, that his ve-ry name, now in his old age, stood for strength to do the right thing. He had fought a fight for the good side of life and won ; and so when the E-qui-ta-ble Life In-sur-ance Com-pa-n-y, felt the need of a good man to help them, they ask-ed him for his help, for they knew the trust men had in him ; this work took him to New York two days in each week.

So this great, good man passed his life, much loved and looked up to, for e-leven years ; and there, on June 24, 1908, he died, as he wished to die, in the home he loved, at Prince-ton.

His fu-ner-al was as free from show as his life had been ; no speech was made, no hymn was sung ; he did not lay in state ; he had no cost-ly tomb ; but his bod-y in a plain oak cof-fin was borne by men who stood high in the world, and were true friends of the dead man ; flags flew



at half-mast, and the whole world knew that a brave, strong man had died.

The-o-dore Roos-e-velt, then pres-i-dent, and many oth-er great men, stood by the grave in the lit-tle Prince-ton grave-yard, in which, on Sat-ur-day, June 27th, Gro-ver Cleve-land was laid to rest.

## BEN-JA-MIN HAR-RI-SON.

In the first part of this book, you heard of a brave Indian fight-er, whose name was Wil-liam Hen-ry Har-ri-son ; and you saw this brave man mount step by step to the pres-i-dent's chair. It is his grand-son, Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son, whom we now see presi-dent of the U-ni-ted States. He was born in his grand-fa-ther's home at North-Bend, In-di-an-a, on Au-gust 20th, 1833. There were no good schools near his home ; so in a small log house, in his grand-fa-ther's grounds, he first went to school ; he and a few oth-er boys and girls were taught here by those whom the Har-ri-sons hired. In this school the seats were of planks, laid on sticks that were stuck in holes in the floor ; they had no backs ; and were so high that the small boys and girls could not touch their feet to the floor. On-ly in the win-ter did this small boy go to school ; in the sum-mer he had work to do on the big farm ; he did his work well ; but he also learned to shoot, to fish, to swim, and to ride.

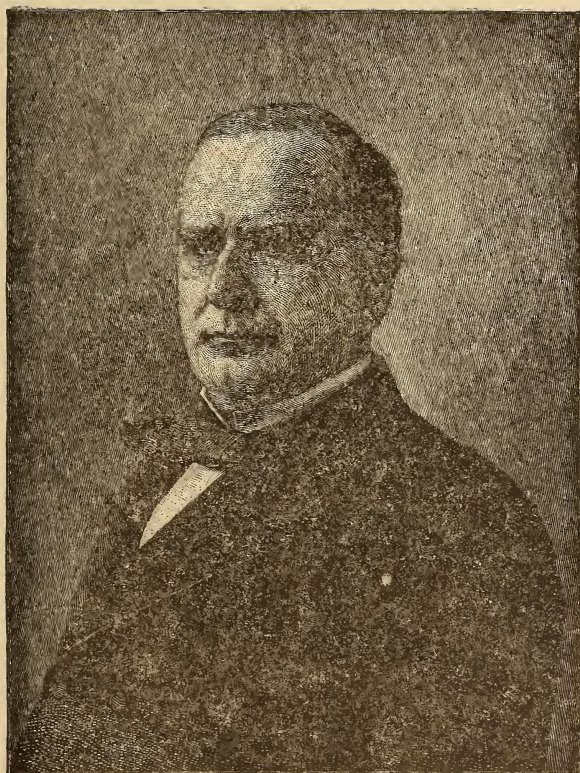
He was much liked by all the boys, for he was full of sports and jokes. In 1820 he went to Mi-a-mi Col-lege, and left in 1822, to stud-y law. In one of his first cases, the light was so dim, that he could not see the notes he had made with such care. What should he do ? There was but one thing he could do : fling to one side the notes and plead his case without an-y. This was a hard thing to do ; but he did it so well, that he won his case ; and the great men of the day gave him much praise for his speech.

When the Civ-il War broke out he raised a troop of men, from his own state, and was made the col-o-nel of this band, which was called the "70th In-di-an-a."

He served for two years, and won fame in some of the great bat-tles of the war; so brave was he at Re-sa-ca, that he was made a Brig-a-dier Gen-er-al. Through the long years of war, he was kind and good to the men in his care; they loved him well, and gave him the name of "Little Ben."

Not till the war was at an end, did he leave the field; then with much fame, he went back home, and took up his work at law. He took a high place in his own state and made some great speech-es.

It was now the year 1889; just one hun-dred years had passed since Wash-ington, our first pres-i-dent, took his place as Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States; and the whole land thought it right to cel-e-brate the date. So in New York Cit-y, on A-pril 29th and 30th, was held the "Wash-ington Cen-ten-ni-al." The cit-y was hung from end to end, with red, white and blue; the grand, good face of Wash-ington, framed in the flag of the land, or wreathed in green, looked down on the gay scene. Rank by rank, the troops filed by a-midst the shouts and cheers of the dense crowds that filled the streets, and looked from the win-dows of stores and hous-es. Rich and poor, great and small, kept this great day; the pres-i-dent and oth-er great men from Wash-ington were brought to the foot of Wall Street, on a barge hung with flags; here all the ships of war were drawn up on each side; and as the party went to the spot where Wash-ington took his oath of of-fice, young girls, clad in white, cast flow-ers be-fore them. As the troops filed past the pres-i-dent, one saw, not just those from the North; but



WILLIAM McKINLEY.





up from the South came hosts of men, bearing the flags of their states ; all glad to share in this great day of the nation ; and there were men from a-croſs the ſeas too ; the Ger-mans and the French marched ſide by ſide with the A-mer-i-cans. By night, fire-works and bon-fires filled the ſtreets with light, and blazed in beau-ty ; no ſuch great time had ever been known in this land ; and this was as it ſhould be ; for it was all done for the great, good man, who had led our troops ſo well in our firſt war, that he had made us free ; and had then, by a wiſe and juſt rule, helped us to be the great, ſtrong land that we are to-day.

While Har-ri-ſon was in of-fice, work was be-gun for the “ World’s Fair,” which was held in Chi-ca-go, in 1892, juſt four hun-dred years ſince Co-lum-bus firſt ſaw A-mer-i-ca. Har-ri-ſon went to Chi-ca-go and o-pened the fair with a ſpeech on Oc-to-ber 14th, 1892 ; but folks could not go there till the next year. In 1893, Harrison went home to In-di-a-na, and took up his law work once more ; he ſerved his coun-try ſtill in ma-n-y ways, and won fame as a writ-er. He died on March 13, 1901.

We have ſeen that Gro-ver Cleve-land now be-came preſ-i-dent ; at the end of his four years, the Re-pub-li-cans put Wil-liam Mc-Kin-ley in of-fice.

## WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

THE man who, in the year 1900, stood at the head of our great land, was born at Niles, O-hio, on Jan-u-a-ry 29th, 1843. In the schools near his home he was taught his let-ters and, as a child, was fond of books, and quick to learn. He was a mere boy, when he taught school to earn the means to go to Col-lege. The school-house in which he taught still stands ; it is a plain, square, white house, with two win-dows in front and three on each side. His moth-er was a good wo-man, with a clear, strong brain ; she taught him, as well as his eight broth-ers and sis-ters, to love truth, and to live brave and strong lives.

Young Wil-liam was not long to lead a life of peace ; for in 1861 he, then but a boy of eight-een, left his books and his home, and went to the war. Man-y sto-ries prove how brave he was while there ; but two will show you why he rose so fast from the ranks. At one time the guns had been left on the road, af-ter a great fight ; and it would be a hard task to go back near the foe to get them. But, young Mc-Kin-ley said, "The boys will haul them ;" and he and a few oth-ers went back for them and brought them into our lines. Then he was at one time two miles from the fight, in charge of the food ; he was quite safe ; but he thought our men would fight bet-ter, if they had some cof-fee and food. So he filled a cart and drove straight to the lines, where our brave men were hard at work. Was this not a brave act ? To risk his life for the sake of tak-ing food and

drink to the worn men. He worked his way straight to the front and came out of the war a cap-tain. He went home at once and took up the stud-y of law in Can-ton; one of his first speech-es was for the rights of the black men; he said that they should have the same right to vote that white men had; and he was ev-er on the side of the black man. In 1869 Mc-Kin-ley was mar-ried to Miss I-da Sax-ton. They were both very young when their two lit-tle chil-dren died. The young law-yer did all he could to cheer his wife; and she was as brave as he, and did not let her grief keep him from his work. He rose fast in his state, and held high place more than once; then, in 1877, he was sent to Congress. In 1891 he was made gov-ern-or of O-hi-o; and in 1897, he had made such a great name for him-self that he was put up for pres-i-dent by the Re-pub-li-cans, and e-lect-ed. Just as he came in-to of-fice, the strife in Cu-ba was at its height; and men here in our great, free land had much pit-y for the Cu-bans, who were try-ing to get free from Spain, just as we had tried to shake off the hand of Eng-land long years a-go. The Span-ish rule grew worse and worse, as Spain found that Cu-ba would not give in. At last Gen-er-al Wey-ler, a harsh and cru-el man, was sent there to force peace on an-y terms; but Gen-er-al Go-mez knew his foes well, and his brave men fought with a strength born of a great hate for Spain. By and by, when Spain saw she could not win the day, she sent word that if Cu-ba would lay down her arms, she could have the rights for which she had asked in vain in the past.

But it was too late; Cu-ba had no faith in Spain, and would now be free from her hard yoke. There was much want in the big towns of Cu-ba at this time, for Wey-ler had made all the poor folks, who had lived in peace on their



small farms, come in-to the towns. He said they gave help to the Cu-ban troops, and so he forced them to leave their homes and would on-ly let them bring with them just the few things that they could put on their backs. Then he had their lit-tle homes, and their crops which they had raised with care, all burned to the ground. He had lit-tle food to give this great host of poor peo-ple, and ma-n-y died in the streets for the want of bread. You may be sure that our great land saw the pain and want down in Cu-ba, and longed to give aid ; but an act of help on our part would mean war with Spain, and this Mc-Kin-ley did not wish. But there came a day when a great cry went up through the U-nit-ed States at a foul deed done in the bay of Ha-va-na. Our great war ship, the "Maine," was blown up by a bomb, as she lay at an-chor in the har-bor. The thought of our poor men sent to such a death raised the cry of war in all hearts. "Re-mem-ber the Maine," was the war-cry ; and men cried for war at once with Spain. But Mc-Kin-ley gave Spain one more chance to stop the fight and free Cu-ba ; this she would not do. So on A-pril 21st, 1898, once more the U-nit-ed States had to make read-y for war. From all the states men poured in and camps sprang up here and there, where the men were taught to load and fire their guns. Off at Hong-Kong, in charge of our war-ships, was brave Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey. He knew that the Span-ish fleet was in Ma-ni-la Bay, near the Phil-ip-pine Is-lands, which were ruled by Spain ; the loss of these ships would be a great blow to Spain just at this time ; so Dew-ey steered his ships there to strike a blow for his coun-try.

It was night when he reached the spot, and be-fore the Span-iards knew he was near, six of his great ships had slipped past their forts. Then a fierce fire poured on him

from the forts ; but it did not do much harm. At last the Span-ish fleet saw him, and at once the ships o-pen-ed fire ; but Dew-ey's flag-ship, the "O-lym-pi-a," sent out such a storm of shot and shell, that the first of the Span-ish ships was sunk, and all on board killed.

The fight last-ed two hours ; and at the end of that time the Span-ish fleet had all been sunk. Great joy was felt in the U-nit-ed States when this glad news was heard, and Dew-ey was the he-ro of the whole land.

Our men down in Cu-ba fought well, and ma-n-y brave deeds were done. On June 6th Ad-mi-ral Samp-son fired on the forts at San-ti-a-go ; our men put their hearts in their work and their aim with the great guns was true and straight. The Span-iards did not aim so well, and their shots did not go so far, and so the shot and shell from their forts did not do us much harm.

Soon our men had stopped the fire from all the forts save Cas-tle Mor-ro, and this fort was rent and torn in great holes.

On June 24th our "Rough Ri-ders," with The-o-dore Roose-velt at their head, were sent out to clear the way to San-ti-a-go. The foe poured a hot fire on our men from the tall grass and weeds in which they lay hid-den ; and there was great loss of life. Full of fire and pluck were these "Rough Ri-ders," and led by their brave colo-nels, Roose-velt and Wood, they forced the Span-ish troops back, foot by foot. The line of fight was five miles long ; the heat was fierce ; and food and water scarce. But at last the troops came to the fort of San Juan Hill ; then, with a mad rush, up, up went our men to the Span-ish fort at the head ! Cheers and shouts rose to the skies as the red, white and blue waved from the old Span-ish fort ; but the cost of this fort

had been great, for there was much loss of life on both sides. On Ju-ly 3d Cer-ve-ra, the Span-ish Ad-mi-ra!, tried to sail his fleet out of the bay of San-ti-a-go; he was seen, though, by our men, and after a hot chase and fierce fighting the whole Span-ish fleet was burned or sunk.

Spain lost scores of brave men; but on our side not one man was killed, nor did we lose a ship.

The end of the war was near; on Ju-ly 10th we laid siege to San-ti-a-go, and on Ju-ly 17th we went in-to the cit-y and raised over it the Stars and Stripes.

In this part of the world the last shot had been fired; but Dew-ey in the far east did not know this, and so he struck one more blow for his coun-try.

He took the cit-y of Ma-ni-la with the loss of but twelve men, and when our flag waved o-ver this cit-y, the end of the Span-ish war had come. On Jan-u-a-ry 1st, 1899, the Span-ish flag, which for four hun-dred years had waved o-ver Cu-ba, was hauled down; the red, white and blue of our own land took its place; and Cu-ba, free from the hard rule of Spain, blessed the great na-tion that had come to her aid.

In Sep-tem-ber of 1899 Ad-mi-ra! Dew-ey came home; and from end to end of this land his name was cheered.

He was the guest of the cit-y of New York for three days; and well did the cit-y hon-or the Hero of Ma-ni-la.

When we took Ma-ni-la from Spain, and so closed the Span-ish war, it did not give us the Phil-ip-pines. The men there were glad to have us drive out the Span-iards, but did not wish us to take their place. Long months of war fol-lowed, and then, A-gui-nal-do, their chief, yield-ed and peace seemed to be at hand.

But the peace for which we hoped did not come at once;

these strange people over whom our flag now waved did not trust us, they still feared it would be as hard to bear our rule as that of Spain ; but we kept our soldiers there to help keep the peace, and we sent down men and women to start schools, to teach the people how to live in peace with each other, as well as with us, to show them how to make the most of their own lovely land, and to learn to love the God who rules this whole world.

In 1900 McKinley ran again for president ; this time with Theodore Roosevelt as vice-president ; and these two good men won the day.

Just at this time a class of men over in China, called Boxers, rose up and said they would kill or drive out of China, all who were not Chinese.

Of course we and the other lands at once sent soldiers to China to save the people, and the Boxers were soon made to keep peace.

Some of the lands wished to make China give up a great deal of land and pay much money because of this trouble ; but our own land, with McKinley at the head, said that we would not act in this way ; and his wise, good words helped China very much when she made peace.

In September 1901, a great world fair was held in Buffalo, New York, and as the United States took a great part in it, and showed many things from all parts of the land, President McKinley went there to make a speech. On September 5th, he made a great speech, before crowds of people who cheered him and pressed close to him to hear each word he said ; at the close, he said he hoped God would give peace to our own land as well as to all the rest of the world.

The next day, September 6th, the president stood for



long hours in the Tem-ple of Mu-sic, to shake hands with all who wished to meet him, and a great crowd of people filed past him, glad to touch his hand and hear his voice, for he was a good as well as a great and wise man, and was much loved.

As the long line passed by him the pres-i-dent leaned down to pat a child, led to him by his moth-er, then rose to greet the next one, in turn.

This was a young man whose right hand was hid by his hand-ker-chief. As the pres-i-dent, with a smile, held out his hand, two shots rang out, and he fell back in the arms of those who stood near him.

The hand-ker-chief had hid a pis-tol with which this bad man had shot our good and kind pres-ident.

As soon as the shots were fired, and the pres-i-dent fell, the man who had shot him was caught and held by those who stood near ; in such a rage was the crowd, at this cruel act, that the man would have been killed at once, had not Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley said :

“ Let no one hurt him.”

For eight days, Mc-Kin-ley made a brave fight for his life ; but both shots had struck him, and though at first, there was some hope that he might live, it soon proved that he could not. In church-es, pray-ers were said for his life ; and not in our land a-lone, but in those far off, all people hoped for the life of this brave, good man.

His wife, who for years had been sick and so stood in great need of the love and care he had shown her all their lives, came to be with him, and his first thought in all his own pain was for her.

When the end was near, on Sep-tem-ber 14th, Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley said to his wife : “ It is God’s way, His will, not

ours, be done ;” and then sank in-to a deep sleep and woke no more in this world.

He was laid to rest with great hon-or ; at first he lay in state in the Cit-y Hall at Buf-fa-lo where crowds came for days, to look at his dead face. Then his bod-y was borne to Wash-ington, and more people came to once more see him, whom they loved, as he lay in the Cap-i-tol of our land.

The band on the grounds in front of the Cap-i-tol played the hymns the dead pres-i-dent had loved best : “ Lead, Kindly Light,” and “ Nearer my God to Thee ;” and at times peo-ple would join in with the band and sing the words to the hymns.

At last, the dead pres-i-dent was borne to his own home in Can-ton, O-hi-o, and laid to rest there.

As the bod-y was placed in the vault, all work in the United States stopped ; and the whole great land was hushed and still.

No king in all the world was ever laid to rest with more hon-or than Wil-liam Mc-Kin-ley.

## THE-O-DORE ROOSE-VELT

THE-O-DORE ROOSE-VELT was born in New York Ci-ty Oc-to-ber 26, 1858, in a big house of brick and stone, which stood in a row with oth-ers just like it.

The boy who was to be our twen-ty-sixth pres-i-dent came of a race of brave, wise men, and can trace back his name a long way, and ov-er the sea, to the coun-try of Hol-land.

As far back as 1649, the first man of this race came to A-mer-i-ca; the name then was Von Ros-en-velt, but soon lost the "von" (which word in Hol-land shows that a man who bears it is of good birth), and be-came Roose-velt.

Most of the Roose-velt men who lived be-fore this lit-tle boy, Theodore, was born, had lived in or near New York Ci-ty, and borne a good part in the life of that place, were well known and stood for truth and hon-or.

The fath-er of The-o-dore was a ver-y good man, kind to the poor, for whose help he gave a good deal of mon-ey, as well as time and thought; and to the men who came out of jail, oft-en with no friends or mon-ey, he was a good, wise friend, and gave much help.

The news-boys of New York now owe to this good man's help the News-boys' Lodg-ing House. In 1853, he mar-ried Miss Mar-tha Bul-lock of Georg-ia; so you see The-o-dore Roose-velt had the blood of the South as well as the North in his veins.

In the days when The-o-dore Roose-velt played in the streets of New York, the cit-y was not what it is to-day: his house, at 28 East 20th Street, was then in a ver-y fine part of the cit-y; the little ones there used to play and romp in Un-ion Square, and walk to the big pub-lic school a few blocks off, just as boys and girls do to-day.

It seems strange that a man as strong and well as Roose-velt should have been a weak and thin lit-tle boy, whose eyes were so poor, and who was so oft-en sick, that he lost much time at school, and fell so far back in his les-sons that it was hard work to make up; but he *al-ways did* "catch up"; in his frail bod-y was a great, strong *will*; and he soon made up his mind he would be strong and well; and a-ble to do the things in life which take health and strength to do.

He loved books so well that it was hard to have to give them up, and do things to build up his strength; but he *did*.

In the sum-mers when they all went to Oys-ter Bay, on Long Isl-and, just where the Pres-i-dent went with his lit-tle ones lat-er on, he ran, he rode, he swam, he roamed over the Long Isl-and hills, and so gained health and strength each day.

The weak boy soon grew so strong that he could hold his own with all the boys, not on-ly in books, but in games, too, that took strength to win in; he was much liked, and was called "Ted-dy" by his boy friends, and this name clung to him, ev-en while he was a man and sat in the Pres-i-dent's chair.

He had read so much of the West and life on the plains that as a boy, it is said, he thought he would like to hunt and live in the West part of the time, and teach in a school the rest of the time.

With this thought in his mind, he knew he must keep well and strong and learn to shoot, and to ride, and do all the sports



of out-door life well; so, when, in 1876, he went to Harvard Col-lege, he still kept his health in his thoughts; and did a good many things which were new to the others.

It is said that he taught the oth-er young men to skip rope;—*he* did it, and though he was laughed at when he first did it, he was so well liked that the rest soon joined in, and rope-skip-ping was one of the sports of the class of 1880.

Play was a big part of Roose-velt's col-lege life; but work was too; and he worked quite as hard at his books as he did in the sports.

He had two rooms in a house near the Col-lege, and on the walls hung his gun, his rod to fish with, and pic-tures of birds and an-i-mals, while stuffed birds and horns of wild an-i-mals stood on shelves, and books were all ov-er.

When he left Col-lege in 1880, he took hon-ors for an es-say which he wrote a-bout birds and an-i-mals; the way they live, and all the things that they do.

It was while Roose-velt was at Har-vard that he met Miss Al-ice Lee of Bos-ton, who on Sep-tem-ber 23, 1880, be-came his wife.

They went, at once, to Eu-rope, and spent some hap-py months there; then came back to New York, and Roose-velt be-gan to stud-y law in the of-ice of his un-cle, Rob-ert B. Roose-velt, and al-so at Co-lum-bia Col-lege, in that city.

It was but a short time be-fore he was talked of as a man to help rule New York;—to go to the State Cap-i-tol as an "As-sem-bly-man."

Some men did not want him, for they said he would be sure to have his *own* way and rule them; and they wished to rule him; but oth-er men of the best class said:

"Yes, he *will* get his own way; but it will be the *right* way."

In the end, these men won the day, and Roosevelt took the first step that led him to the President's seat in Washington.

He served New York City in a brave, strong way, made a fight for the best, the right side as he saw it, for three terms; and it was during these years that his daughter Alice was born and that his young wife died. It was while he was hard at work at the State capital that Roosevelt wrote, and gave to the world, a book which told of the part the ships took in our great war of 1812: "Naval History of the War of 1812," this book is called; and is known as a great book to-day. When he left Albany, he tried to write again; but he was in much grief over his wife's death; and his old love for the wild life of the plains in the West called him to go there and to hunt, to ride, to fish, to learn to know the life and the men out there.

So he went to North Dakota, where a river, the Little Missouri, winds through what are called the "Bad Lands"; and here he took two ranches, and began the life of a ranchman, a cow-boy.

While here, on the plains, Roosevelt learned much of the life of animals, which he put into books later on.

But, fond as he was of this life, he had no mind to stay there long; and so, one day, at the call of his friends in New York, he hung up his gun, packed his trunk, said good-bye to the men who cheered him as he left, and came back to be put up for Mayor of New York City. Some men had grown tired of the rule of those who took these big places just for their own gain; and they wanted a clean, good man, who was so strong and brave he would do the right thing for the city, at all odds; so they put up Roosevelt; but more men wished the old rule to go on, and so Roosevelt lost the day; but he did *not* lose heart; he kept right on in his fight for the right.

It was at this time, on De-cem-ber 2, 1886, that Roose-velt mar-ried a-gain, this time Miss E-dith Ker-mit Ca-rew, whom he had known when they were chil-dren.

Roose-velt has said that the way to do what you wish in this world, is *to stick at it*; and he proved his own words by the way he kept a big place in the war in New York Cit-y of good a-against bad; and in 1889, he won his fight, by be-ing made a Civ-il Serv-ice Com-mis-sion-er.

This sounds ver-y big, these long words; but it means he was put in a place where his work was to see that all who wish to work for the U-ni-ted States should have a fair chance to prove they could do the work; he held this place for six years, and did his work so well that at the end of that time, in 1895, he was placed at the head of the whole po-lice force in New York Cit-y. Here he had hard work, for it was now his place to see that the po-lice did *their* du-ty, and stopped all wrong, bad things, for ma-n-y of them had tak-en mon-ey from bad men, and let them do just as they wished.

You may be sure that Roose-velt soon put a stop to this; he put out all po-lice-men who would not do right, and helped all those who tried to do their du-ty.

In 1897, when Wil-liam Mc-Kin-ley was pres-i-dent, he called Roose-velt to Wash-ing-ton as "First As-sis-tant of the Na-vy"; this big name means he was to help the Pres-i-dent and the Sec-re-tary of the Na-vy in all the work a-bout our big war-ships. Our ships were not in a ve-ry good state at this time, and Roose-velt worked hard to get a big-ger and a bet-ter na-vy; he al-so saved us a good deal of mon-ey by the care he took in get-ting things at a low price for the big boats.

It soon proved that he was right in all he did, for you have seen, in the life of Mc-Kin-ley, that it was at this time we were plunged in-to war with Spain.





Roosevelt the young "Boss," and the cow-boy.  
(Page 100) (Lives of the Presidents.)





As soon as it was sure that we had to fight Spain, Roosevelt left his post in Wash-ing-ton, and you know from this same life of Mc-Kin-ley what a brave part he and his Rough Riders—his old col-lege chums, and the cow-boy friends of his youth—played in this war.

Af-ter the war was ov-er, Roosevelt felt sor-ry for the men, who did not have good food and who were still down there in Cu-ba, half of them sick and all long-ing for home. So he and the rest of the head men sent word back to the U-ni-ted States that the men were ill-fed and sick and longed to leave this hot, wet isl-and and come home.

Peo-ple here made such a cry, when they heard of it, that the troops were at once called home; so ma-ny of the men were sick that the ships bear-ing them took them all to Mon-tauk Point, way up on the east shore of Long Isl-and; and there they spent a month, in tents, while the fresh, cool air from the sea, and good food and care, gave back health and strength to them.

Roosevelt was now a Col-o-nel, and he stayed with his men and saw that the camp was kept clean and that the men had the best of care.

At last the men were all so well that they could go to their homes; and on the last Sun-day in camp Roosevelt made a speech to the men, and they gave to him a bronze of a "Bron-co Bus-ter," which he prized ve-ry much.

On the morn-ing of Sep-tem-ber 15, four months from the time the Rough Riders had joined with Roosevelt for the war, the flags came down at the camp, and it was time to say good-bye.

The war with Spain was at an end; but peace had not come to the Phil-ip-pines and our troops were down there and would be for some time to come. Roosevelt could have stayed

in the ar-my and won fame in a short time; but the men in New York State now wished him to be gov-er-nor of the State; and Roose-velt was glad of the chance to help the best men rule the State in a wise and good way.

It meant a big fight to win this high place; and he and his friends knew it, but they went in with a will; and on the day his name was put up at Al-ba-ny, his friends filled the cit-y,—Rough Rid-ers were there too; and on all sides his name was heard. Some one in the street would say: “Three cheers for Ted-dy!” and the air would ring with the shouts.

As soon as his name was put up in the big hall, cheers were heard, and when the votes were made known, Roose-velt had 753 and the oth-er man on-ly 218. So then his par-ty said they would all vote for him, and a-mid loud cheers this was done.

Then came the real fight,—and Roose-velt went from cit-y to cit-y, town to town, mak-ing speech-es, tak-ing a few of his Rough Rid-er friends with him; and he was the he-ro, the i-dol of the great crowds that rushed to hear him.

When E-lec-tion Day came, the peo-ple showed their love and trust in him, by mak-ing him gov-er-nor of the great State.

In his high place Roose-velt worked hard for the best good of the poor in New York Cit-y;—those who worked day and night in what are called “sweat shops,” small close rooms not fit to live in, where men, wom-en and lit-tle chil-dren sew on cloth-ing for the big stores.

He put through a law which forced the men who owned the “sweat shops” to get bet-ter rooms for those who worked for them.

We have seen that Roose-velt would not be ruled by men who wished to use him for their own good; he worked for the best good of the State al-ways, so when his term came to

an end, these same men, the "boss-es," would not let him be put up a-gain; but put his name up as Vice-Pres-i-dent with that of Wil-liam Mc-Kin-ley for Pres-i-dent.

Roose-velt did not want this place; he said his work was not yet done as gov-er-nor and wished to be in Al-ba-ny four years more. But he gave in to his par-ty, and you know that Mc-Kin-ley and he won the day.

It was but a short time, as we have seen, that Roose-velt held his place, for in Sep-tem-ber, 1901, the death of Pres-i-dent McKin-ley made him Pres-i-dent.

He and his fam-i-ly were in the Ad-i-ron-dacks at this time; and Roose-velt had gone to Isle La Motte, not far from Bur-ling-ton, and was mak-ing a speech when the sad news reached him. He took the first train to Buf-fa-lo and made all haste to reach Pres-i-dent Mc-Kin-ley's bed-side.

It was a ve-ry sad time for both men, for they were warm friends. Roose-velt stayed here un-til the Pres-i-dent seemed bet-ter, and then as one of his chil-dren was sick went back to his wife, in the Ad-i-ron-dacks.

When he reached them, he got word that the Pres-i-dent would sure-ly get well; and so, with a light heart, he went the next day, with some guides, way up in the wild woods. He spent that night in camp and the next morn-ing went up the rough trail that led to the top of Mt. Mar-cy.

High up on the side, near a lake called the Tear of the Clouds, they sat down to their lunch; and it was here that a man, who had been on his trail for long hours, found him and brought him the news that the Pres-i-dent could not live.

Down the long, hard trail, at once, went Roose-velt, back to a club-house, where he hoped for fresh news; but none was there; so his friends told him to rest there, and they would send to a club-house low-er down for word.



That night the news came at mid-night that the President was much worse, and Roosevelt said:

“I must go at once!”

A light wag-on was brought up, and in this black mid-night hour, with a mist of rain falling, Roosevelt started. New horses were put in all haste to the wag-on, and on they rushed to Alden Lair, nine miles away.

While on this part of the drive, President McKinley died; so the man rushing down the mountain side in such mad haste was even then the President of our land. He did not know this, and still hoped for the best when, at three o'clock in the morning, he reached Alden Lair and with fresh horses started on the last sixteen miles to the place where he could get a train to Buffalo.

When a little after five that morning he reached this place, North Creek, he found a train held for him, and learned the President was dead.

As fast as a train could go, he was rushed down to Albany, where the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, met him, and told him it was thought best he should be at once sworn in as President.

They went on to Buffalo in all haste and to the house where the dead President lay.

He took the oath of his high office as soon as he left the house, and was the youngest man who had ever become President.

In his short speech he said he should try to do all he felt President McKinley would have done for the good of the land.

When he reached Washington he proved that he meant this by asking the men whom President McKinley had

cho-sen to help him, to stay in their plac-es, and give him the same help.

This was the first time that a Pres-i-dent with so ma-ny chil-dren ev-er lived in the White House; there were six to live here now: Al-ice, The-o-dore, Jr., Ker-mit, Eth-el, Arch-i-bald, and Quen-tin, and they were a jol-ly crowd of young folks, you may be sure, that romped and played in the big house.

One of the first big things the new Pres-i-dent did was to have us buy from the French the right to dig a ca-nal which would join the At-lan-tic and Pa-ci-fic oceans, so that ships could go from one to the oth-er in less time than they now do; and he pushed this great work on down there in Pan-a-ma with all his might.

In 1902, the men who work in the great coal mines of Penn-syl-van-ia did not think they were treat-ed right by those who owned the mines; and so they all stopped work, not a ton of coal would they dig, and it looked as if we would have no coal for the long, cold months which were near.

In Oc-to-ber, the Pres-i-dent thought this had gone on too long; so he asked the head men on each side to come to see him at Wash-ing-ton and talk it ov-er and see if it could not be brought to an end. Three times the men met him, and, at the end of five months, the big strike came to a close; the men went back to work and the hard time was ov-er.

From the very first, Pres-i-dent Roose-velt tried to keep the men in this land, who have the most mon-ey and own our rail-roads, mines, etc., from get-ting too much pow-er and using it in a wrong way. It was hard work, and caused ma-ny to think hard things of him; but on the whole, most peo-ple thought he tried to do the right and wise thing.

In Feb-ru-a-ry, 1904, war be-gan be-tween Ja-pan and

Rus-sia, and it seemed, at first, as if the oth-er lands ov-er there, as well as our own, would be dragged in the fight. But Roose-velt said we must keep out, called on us all to keep still, to do noth-ing which would force us in-to tak-ing sides with ei-ther of these lands. At the same time we joined with the oth-er lands in say-ing that Ja-pan and Rus-sia must car-ry on the war in-side cer-tain lines, not any-where they wished, on land or sea.

On A-pril 30, 1904, a great World's Fair was o-pened in St. Lou-is and it was planned that Roose-velt should open the Fair by tel-e-graph from Wash-ington. A key of white and gold was used, and as soon as it was touched, twen-ty-one guns roared forth the news that the Fair was o-pen.

As the term drew near, for our land to choose a new Pres-i-dent, Roose-velt hoped that he now might be put up by the free will of the peo-ple; he had tried to do what he thought right and wise, and hoped he had won the trust of the peo-ple.

On No-vem-ber 8, 1904, the votes were cast; and Roose-velt went in of-fice with the larg-est num-ber of votes ev-er be-fore cast for Pres-i-dent; he was, too, the young-est man that had ever held that high place.

At this time Roose-velt said he would nev-er run for Pres-i-dent a-gain, that he would do his best to serve his land in the next four years, and then feel that his work as Pres-i-dent was done.

He pushed the work down at Pan-a-ma, sent the best men that he could find down there to see that the work was done well.

The war be-tween Rus-sia and Ja-pan was still on, and was fierce and cruel; Ja-pan had won most of the time, but Rus-sia would not yield, and the whole world longed for peace.

Roose-velt had watched the war, saw the aw-ful cost in

mon-ey and lives, and at last tried to make peace. He wrote to the head men of each land, and asked them if they would not each try to end the war.

This start-ed the talk for peace, and the end came in the sum-mer of 1905, when the head men from Ja-pan and Rus-sia met here in Ports-mouth, N. H., and signed a trea-ty of peace, which put an end to the war.

Roose-velt was praised and thanked by the whole world for his work at this time, and was called "The Peace Mak-er."

On A-pril 18, 1905, there was an aw-ful earth-quake in Cal-i-for-ni-a; the first great shock came earl-y in the morn-ing and oth-ers came on through the day; fire broke out, too, and soon much of the great cit-y of San Fran-cis-co was wiped out, and peo-ple in crowds were left with-out homes or mon-ey.

Con-gress passed a bill which gave ov-er two mil-lions of mon-ey to the poor peo-ple, and food and mon-ey from all the oth-er states were sent to the far West with all speed.

Pres-i-dent Roose-velt did all in his pow-er to help, and gave a good deal of his own mon-ey.

On June 16, 1906, a new State, made up of Ok-la-ho-ma and In-di-an Ter-ri-to-ry, came in-to the Un-ion, and gave us one more star on our flag.

In No-vem-ber of this year, the Pres-i-dent did what no oth-er Pres-i-dent had ev-er done up to that time; left the U-ni-ted States while in of-fice; he went down to Por-to Ri-co and Pan-a-ma, on the bat-tle-ship Lou-i-si-an-a, to see what care we gave to our new isl-land and how far the work had gone on the big ca-nal.

On March 4, 1909, Mr. Taft took his place as Pres-i-dent, and Mr. Roose-velt left Wash-ing-ton and went to his home in Oys-ter Bay, L. I.

On March 23, 1909, he left for a year's trip in-to the heart



of Af-ri-ca, to hunt the big game of that land, and to learn all he could of their way of life. He was at the head of a large par-ty of men who helped him in this work, and sent back the skins and skel-e-tons which were placed in the U-ni-ted States Na-tion-al Mu-se-um in Wash-ing-ton.

When he came back from Af-ri-ca, Roose-velt be-came one of the ed-i-tors of a mag-a-zine and spent most of his time in writ-ing for it and for oth-er mag-a-zines and al-so wrote a book a-bout his great hunt-ing trip in Af-ri-ca called "Af-ri-can Game Trails." He kept up his in-ter-est in pub-lic af-fairs and made speech-es and wrote pa-pers all for the good of the whole peo-ple who loved him and whom he loved. Taft was Pres-i-dent and he and Roose-velt had been dear friends, almost like broth-ers; in fact, it was Roose-velt more than any one else who had made Taft the Pres-i-dent af-ter his own terms were ov-er. But these two great friends had some sort of quar-rel or mis-un-der-stand-ing; no one ev-er knew what it was a-bout, so that they were no long-er friends, and when it came time for the great Re-pub-li-can Par-ty to name a man to run for Pres-i-dent in 1912, Taft want-ed to be the man, and to have a sec-ond term, but at the great con-ven-tion man-y want-ed Roose-velt to run a-gain, al-though he had said four years be-fore, just af-ter his e-lec-tion, that at the end of that term he would nev-er run a-gain. Taft was nom-in-at-ed, but Roose-velt and his friends were ang-ry and not sat-is-fied, so they held an-oth-er meet-ing and made a new par-ty and called it the Pro-gres-sive- Par-ty and nom-in-at-ed Roose-velt a-gain.

Most of this new par-ty was made up of Re-pub-li-cans, so that the votes of the great Re-pub-li-can Par-ty, in-stead of go-ing to one man, were div-i-ded be-tween the two—Taft and Roose-velt—so that Wood-row Wil-son, who had been nom-in-

ated by the great Dem-o-crat-ic Par-ty, got more votes than either of them in the e-lec-tion in No-vem-ber, 1912, and was e-lect-ed Pres-i-dent. It might have made a great dif-fer-ence to all the world if Taft and Roose-velt had not quar-reled. Noth-ing good ev-er comes out of a fool-ish quar-rel.

Roose-velt con-tin-ued to write for mag-a-zines and the peo-ple still loved him, but he nev-er a-gain held pub-lic of-fice and died at his home at Oys-ter Bay on Jan-u-ary 6, 1919, and is bur-ied there, and his grave is hon-ored as that of a great and pure mind-ed man who loved his coun-try and did much for it. He will al-ways be known as one of our great-est Pres-i-dents and a great A-mer-ic-an.

## WIL-LIAM HOW-ARD TAFT

WIL-LIAM HOW-ARD TAFT, the twenty-eighth Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, was born on Sep-tem-ber 15, 1857, in a small town, Mt. Au-burn, which is now part of the cit-y of Cin-cin-na-ti; his fath-er, Al-phon-so Taft, was born in Towns-end, Ver-mont, went to Yale Col-lege, was a wise judge in the courts of Cin-cin-na-ti, and then helped his coun-try by act-ing first as Sec-re-ta-ry of War, and then as our Min-is-ter, first to Aus-tri-a, and then to Rus-sia.

His moth-er, Lou-ise M. Tor-rey, was born in Bos-ton, Mass., and came from a race of brave, strong men and wom-en. Such a real boy was lit-tle Wil-liam How-ard Taft, so full of life and fun, that I want you to learn just a lit-tle of the boy-hood days in that han-py Mt. Au-burn home.

The house, which by the way still stands, was on a ridge, with "Butch-er Town" to the east, and "Tail-or Town" to the west; and be-tween the boys of these "Towns," and the "Ridge" boys, was a "feud" that ran back long years; and the Taft boys took their part in the fights with great zest. Taft, as you may guess, took the lead in these fights; and one of the nick-names the boys gave him,—he had ma-n-y of them,—was "Lead-Head and Cot-ton Bod-y," be-cause, when he fell, it was al-ways on his head. He threw him-self heart and soul in-to an-y sport, and one of his pet games was mar-bles; he al-so loved to wres-tle; he could swim well, and though he was too stout and heav-y to play base-ball well, he tried to, and

made a good show at it. "He had the pluck, all right," as the boys said.

"Old Bill," as the boys loved to call him, had the trust of all who knew him, and these same boys, now big men, still trust "Old Bill"; one of the best known men in Cin-cin-na-ti said he would lend "Bill" Taft the last cent he had, with not a scrap of pa-per to show for it; and a wise law-yer of the same place said there was not mon-ey e-nough in the world to buy him.

Taft worked at his books just as hard as he did at his play; he was keen to learn, to "know things"; and fresh from a base-ball field, a good hard fight with the boys of "Butch-er" and "Tail-or" towns, or some oth-er out-door sports, he would come in the house, not to boast or talk of his strength or skill, but to take down his books and go to work at them.

The first school to which Taft went was a gram-mar school near his home; the Wood-bur-y High School came next; and from here he came fifth in line in the bright-est class that ev-er left the school.

In 1874, when he was sev-en-teen, he went up to Yale; a big, strong boy, whose weight was 225 pounds.

He boxed, wres-tled, played foot-ball, mixed with the boys in all their sports, and so kept his health and strength; but he joined no teams; only once was he the an-chor in a "tug-of-war."

It was when his class of '78 was a-bout to leave Yale and in a "tug-of-war" with the jun-ior class lost at the first "tug"; when they tried the next time, Taft rushed in, grabbed the end of the rope and shout-ed:

"Now let the whole jun-ior class get on the oth-er end!" His class yelled with joy, for with "Old Bill" on their end, the jun-iors could not budge the rope.



But Taft had gone to college to win honors in his books, as his father and older brother, Charles, had before him; and he put his great strength and his clear brain at work; and day by day, and lesson by lesson, made his way slow but sure up close to the head of his class. He did not shut himself from the rest of the boys; he loved them and they loved him; he did not preach to them,—they did as they chose, and he “played” when he had time; he could not be out late at night, or give time for sports and yet keep up with the book work; so he turned his back on much that he loved, and plodded straight on to win his high place.

And how the men loved him at Yale, and how he loved and still loves the old college!

He left Yale in 1878, second in his class; and he was the choice of his class as orator of the day, a very high honor which proves how he was loved.

Taft went straight from Yale to the Law School of Cincinnati College and left there in 1880, he and a class-mate taking the first prize; Yale soon after this made him a Doctor of Laws. He worked for a time on the *Times Star*, a newspaper which his brother Charles owned; and he did so well that he found work on the *Commercial Gazette*, for which he got at first six dollars a week.

He gave up this work to go in his father's law office as a law clerk; almost at once he went into politics, those of his own city, and was a leader here as he had been in his school and college days. Taft knew no fear, stood for the right in all things, and tried to have the bad, low side in the politics of Cincinnati made clean; so the men who worked with him gave him in 1881 his first public office, that of Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, which gave him the right to try, at least, to have those who cheated and stole sent to jail. Four

years from this time he had his next public place, which paid him \$400 a month; but he gave this up soon and went back to his father's law office. Soon after this, in June, 1886, he married Miss Helen Heron, whom he had known since he was a boy. They spent a few months in Europe, and then made their home in Cincinnati; there were three children, Robert, Helen, and Charles.

Taft has been in public office ever since he held his first one in 1881; and he has won his way, by hard work in good faith, right up to the President's seat. He has had big hard things to do and he has gone all over the world to do them; from the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, in the east, to those of the Philippines on the other side of the world; from Alaska up in the cold north to Panama in the far south, where we are cutting the great canal, Taft has gone to bring peace in little things as well as in big; and so well has he done his work that he is loved by all in these far-off lands, and known as a wise and a good man to all the world.

One of the hardest things he had to do was to bring peace into the Philippine Islands; when we took these islands—1,500 of them there are—all sorts of wild tribes lived there at war with each other and knowing little of good.

It was President McKinley who sent Taft out there, first as head of some men who went there to see just what could be done to help the people, and then as Governor of the Islands. He did his work with so much of real love in his heart for the people and helped them so really that the Filipinos grew to love him and begged him to stay with them always.

Twice when he could have gone home and been given the great honor of a seat as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, he did as they wished, and stayed in the

isl-ands, and when at last Pres-i-dent Roose-velt asked him to come and help him as Sec-re-ta-ry of War, he said he would take the place on-ly if he might still keep the Fil-i-pi-nos in his care. He be-came Sec-re-ta-ry of War in 1903, and has since then been twice to see "his peo-ple," as he calls them.

In this high place, Taft stood for peace, first, last, and all the time; he took a tour of the whole world, just so he could talk in each place he came to, of peace.

The sum-mer home of the Tafts is up in Can-a-da, and the Tafts love to go and live the same out-of-door life that the Roose-velts did at Oys-ter Bay; here, Taft not on-ly plays hard at golf, swim-ming, boat-ing, and tramp-ing, but works hard, too, just as he did as a boy.

One of the last things Taft did, be-fore his name was put up for Pres-i-dent, was to go down to the Phil-ip-pine Isl-ands in 1907, to see "his peo-ple" start the work of tak-ing charge of their own land, for though we still keep our sol-diers there to keep peace, ma-n-y of the Fil-i-pi-nos have learned so much from us that they can help us in our work there.

Roose-velt and Taft were close friends, al-most like broth-ers, and when Roose-velt's second term as Pres-i-dent was com-ing to an end in 1908, it was Roose-velt who in-sist-ed that Taft, who was then the Sec-re-ta-ry of War, should be the one to suc-ceed him in that great of-fice, for which his wis-dom and trav-el and train-ing had so well fitted him.

So in 1908, the Re-pub-li-cans put up for Pres-i-dent this man who had for all these years been work-ing for his land; and men had so much trust in him, so much of real love for him, that he had more votes than any oth-er man had ev-er be-fore had for this great place; and so won the day, ov-er Wil-liam Jen-nings Bry-an, who was the choice of the Dem-o-crats.

In Jan-u-ary, 1909, Mr. Taft sailed from Charles-ton, S. C., for Pan-a-ma, to see, once more, be-fore he took his place as Pres-i-dent, just how far the work on the ca-nal had gone; he and the men who had gone with him looked at all the work there with great care, and were much pleased with what had been done. Mr. Taft said that each cent that had been spent had been well spent. He reached this land a-gain on Feb-ru-ary 11th, and on March 4th took the oath of of-fice which put him in the Pres-i-dent's seat in Wash-ing-ton. There was a great snow-storm on that day, so that for the first time since An-drew Jack-son was made Pres-i-dent for the sec-ond time, the oath of of-fice was tak-en in Sen-ate Hall in-stead of out-doors, where the great crowd that filled the cit-y could hear and see Mr. Taft be-come Pres-i-dent of our land.

Taft's term as Pres-i-dent was a qui-et one. He made friends, and his pleas-ant man-ner kept all things go-ing smooth-ly. But for some rea-son which no one has ev-er found out, the two great friends—Taft and Roose-velt—grew cool to each oth-er and were no long-er on good terms. This was a real blow to all the peo-ple, for these two great men, who both loved their coun-try with all their strength, should have worked side by side for the good of the whole land.

As it was, when Taft's term as Pres-i-dent came to a close and he want-ed to be e-lee-ct-ed for a sec-ond term, Roose-velt's friends would not a-gree to it, and when Taft was at last chos-en by the Re-pub-li-can Par-ty to run for a sec-ond term, Roose-velt and his friends would not help him, and in-sist-ed on mak-ing a new par-ty, which they called the Pro-gres-sive Par-ty, and put Roose-velt at the head as its man to run for Pres-i-dent, al-though Roose-velt had said four years be-fore that he would nev-er run a-gain for Pres-i-dent. The end was that both Taft and Roose-velt were eas-i-ly beat-en by Wood-



row Wil-son, who be-came the twen-ty-eighth Pres-i-dent and who was named by the great Dem-o-cratic Par-ty and got all the votes of that par-ty, while the Re-pub-li-can votes were div-i-ded be-tween Taft and Roose-velt.

Taft, when he left of-fice, went a-gain to prac-tice law and he was al-so made a pro-fes-sor of law at Yale Col-lege, the same col-lege he had gone to as a young man.

When in 1921 the Chief Jus-tice of the U-ni-ted States Su-preme Court died, Pres-i-dent Hard-ing gave this great place to Taft, who be-came the Chief Jus-tice of the U-ni-ted States for the rest of his life, one of the high-est hon-ors in the whole world and a place for which his great wis-dom and knowl-edge of law and the great of-fices he has held make him the best man that could have been chos-en.

## WOOD-ROW WIL-SON

WOOD-ROW WIL-SON was the twen-ty-eighth Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. When he was born he was named Thom-as Wood-row Wil-son by his par-ents, but when he was a young man he gave up the name of Thom-as and from that time on he was known as Wood-row Wil-son.

Thom-as is sure-ly a good name, like George, or John, or Rob-ert, and why he gave it up seems strange, but per-haps a boy does not need too long a name when he is go-ing to be a great man. May-be it would not sound well to call a great Pres-i-dent "Tom."

He was born in Staunton, a small town in Vir-gin-ia, on De-cem-ber 28, 1856. Five of our Pres-i-dents have been born in the State of Vir-gin-ia, which gives the state the name of "Moth-er of Pres-i-dents," but Pres-i-dent Wil-son did not live there long, and he was e-lect-ed from the State of New Jer-sey, so Vir-gin-ia can-not real-ly claim him.

His grand-fath-er came from Ire-land and went to O-hi-o in 1812, and Wood-row Wil-son's fath-er was born in O-hi-o in 1822. His fath-er's name was James Wil-son and he was the young-est of sev-en boys, so that Wood-row Wil-son had six un-cles. All these un-cles and his fath-er were print-ers by trade and they owned small news-pa-pers in Pitts-burgh, Penn-syl-van-ia and Steu-ben-ville, O-hi-o, but Wood-row's fath-er dropped the fam-i-ly trade and be-came a min-is-ter of the Pres-by-ter-ian Church. James Wil-son was a teach-er in an ac-ad-emy, as well as a minister, and he mar-ried one

of his pu-pils, Miss Jan-et Wood-row, whose fath-er was al-so a min-is-ter, who had come to Can-a-da from Scot-land and then moved to O-hi-o. It is from his moth-er that Pres-i-dent Wil-son got his name Wood-row. It is a fine thing to give a boy his moth-er's fam-i-ly name. Don't you think so?

Thom-as Wood-row Wil-son was a small boy all through our great Civ-il War, be-tween the North and the South, which was for four years, from 1861 to 1865. That bad war is long past and has left our great coun-try u-ni-ted and all the bad feel-ings it caused are for-got-ten now. But things were ver-y bad in those days in some parts of the South, where the Wil-sons then lived, and there were no real schools to go to then as there are to-day in ev-er-y town and vil-lage in our whole land, and Wood-row Wil-son was more than nine years old be-fore he could read. What do you think of that, you who are in school to-day? Soon af-ter that his folks moved to Co-lum-bia, South Car-o-li-na, where Wood-row went to a real school and lat-er to a small col-lege. Then, when he was nineteen years old, he went to Prince-ton Col-lege at Prince-ton, New Jersey, one of the great-est col-leges in our coun-try.

He was not so smart at col-lege, as he was only 38 in a class of 106 when he was grad-u-at-ed, but he took a good part in all the de-bates and lit-er-ary tasks there and wrote some very fine piec-es which were print-ed in great news-pa-pers and mag-a-zines. He wrote on things which had to do with the whole peo-ple and pub-lic mat-ters, and so proved his love for his coun-try, which he showed so much in lat-er years when he be-came a great Pres-i-dent.

He went to a law school to be-come a law-yer when he was grad-u-at-ed from Prince-ton Col-lege. His health was not good at this time, so he did not prac-tice as a law-yer ex-cept for a lit-tle while at At-lan-ta, Georg-ia. He stayed at

home for some time. Then he went to an-oth-er great col-lege called Johns Hop-kins U-ni-ver-si-ty, in Bal-ti-more, Ma-ry-land, and there he stud-ied hard for two years. See how man-y schools, col-leges and u-ni-ver-si-ties this great man went to, to make him-self fit to take a great place in the world. For years he gave most of his time to stud-y.

Al-most all of Wood-row Wil-son's life, be-fore he be-came Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, was given to stud-y and teach-ing. In 1885 he was pro-fes-sor at Bryn Mawr Col-lege for girls, near Phil-a-del-phia. (Is-n't Bryn Mawr a hard name to pro-nounce?) And then in 1888 he went to his old col-lege at Prince-ton, New Jer-sey, where he stayed for twen-ty years as teach-er and pro-fes-sor.

In 1885 he mar-ried Miss El-len Lou-ise Ax-on of Sav-an-nah, Georg-ia.

Wood-row Wil-son was a great writ-er as well as a teach-er and states-man. In the years when he was pro-fes-sor at Prince-ton Col-lege he wrote man-y great books, of which the best are his "His-to-ry of the A-mer-i-can Peo-ple" and "Life of Wash-ing-ton." Both of these great books ought to be read by ev-er-y young A-mer-i-can when he is old e-nough. Ev-er-y page shows the great-ness of our be-lov-ed coun-try and the de-vot-ion of the men who have made it great.

In 1902, Wood-row Wil-son was made pres-i-dent of Prince-ton U-ni-ver-si-ty, where he had been a pro-fes-sor for four-teen years. As pres-i-dent of this great col-lege he kept up its great name and fame, and he was known to all the good men of the coun-try, es-pec-ial-ly of the State of New Jer-sey, so that when the peo-ple of New Jer-sey were to e-lect a gov-er-nor of that state in 1910, the Dem-o-crat-ic Par-ty chose Wil-son to run as its can-di-date, and he was e-lect-ed by a big ma-jor-i-ty of the votes.



He was a good gov-er-nor and he was praised for his hon-es-ty and a-bil-i-ty. The gov-er-nor is the great-est pub-lic man in each state, and all good peo-ple try to get the best man to put in that of-fice. There are some bad men in ev-er-y cit-y and state who try to put bad men in of-fice so that they can get some spec-ial fa-vors for them-selves, which hurts the rest of the peo-ple, and all good peo-ple fight a-gainst this and try to choose on-ly good men. It is hard some-times to do this, for the bad men in pol-i-tics lie and cheat, but in the long run the good men come out on top.

While he was still gov-er-nor of New Jer-sey in 1912, it was time for the e-lec-tion of a new Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. This is the great-est place in all the world. No King or Em-per-or in these days has so great a pow-er, and it comes from the love and con-fi-dence of the peo-ple, and not by birth, be-cause they think the man they choose as Pres-i-dent is a great and good man, and will be just and fair and square with all of them; will pro-tect them and try to make their lives and prop-er-ty safe.

Wood-row Wil-son was named for Pres-i-dent by the Dem-o-crat-ic Par-ty at a meet-ing or con-ven-tion in Bal-ti-more- Ma-ry-land, in Ju-ly, 1912. The e-lec-tion was held in No-vem-ber of that year, and though there were two oth-er great men run-ning a-gainst him—ex-Pres-i-dent Roose-velt and ex-Pres-i-dent Taft—he was e-lect-ed by a large ma-jor-i-ty, which means he got more votes than eith-er of the oth-ers.

It must be said that both Roose-velt and Taft be-longed to the great Re-pub-li-can Par-ty, and so the votes of the peo-ple of that par-ty were di-vid-ed. If on-ly one had been vot-ed for, per-haps Wil-son would not have been e-lect-ed. But as it was, Wil-son was chos-en.

Soon came, in 1914, the great war in Eu-rope, the great-est

war in all his-to-ry and the most wick-ed. The real cause of the war will al-ways be in doubt, but al-most all the na-tions of Eu-rope and al-most all in the whole world were soon fight-ing. There never was any-thing so bad be-fore. There were Ger-ma-ny, Aus-tri-a and Hun-ga-ry on one side, and Eng-land, France and Rus-sia on the oth-er; and all the smal-ler na-tions, like Tur-key, Greece and Ser-bi-a, at last had to fight on one side or the oth-er. It looked as if the whole world was cra-zy. Mil-lions of young men were killed and wound-ed and whole towns and cit-ies burned and de-stroyed. Al-most all the mon-ey the whole world had saved up was spent for guns and pow-der and dead-ly bombs.

In the U-ni-ted States we were a long way off from this aw-ful war in Eu-rope, and we hoped we would not have to take a part in it, and have our boys killed and wound-ed and blind-ed, and their fath-ers and moth-ers bro-ken heart-ed.

Pres-i-dent Wil-son was firm in his wish to keep us at peace, and did ev-ery-thing he could to keep us out of this ter-ri-ble war for a long time.

But a great ship named the "Lu-si-tan-ia," which had man-y A-mer-i-cans on board, was sunk by a sub-ma-rine boat of one of the fight-ing na-tions, and most on board were drowned; and in spite of our pro-test this same na-tion sank some more of our A-mer-i-can ships with-out warn-ing, and oth-er ships with A-mer-i-cans on them, and said they would sink all they could.

So, when in 1916, Pres-i-dent Wil-son was e-lect-ed for a sec-ond term, and al-though the coun-try praised him for his pa-tience and his care in keep-ing us out of the fear-ful war as long as he did, our peo-ple could stand it no long-er, and in A-pril, 1917, Pres-i-dent Wil-son and the U-ni-ted States Con-gress de-clared war on Ger-ma-ny.

In 1917 and 1918 our coun-try was wild with pa-tri-o-tism. Four mil-lion young men were put in-to the ar-my and made per-fect sol-diers. Two mil-lions of them were sent a-cross the o-cean to France, where they fought side by side with the French-men and Eng-lish-men a-against Ger-ma-ny. There were thou-sands of brave men who nev-er came back and are laid in their graves in France. There were thou-sands who did come back, with bro-ken legs or arms, or blinded eyes, nev-er to be a-ble to work a-gain or live a hap-py life as most of us do. How we should hon-or and rev-er-ence those who died for our coun-try's sake, or were wound-ed in her cause!

Our sol-diers won the war. The ar-mies in Eu-rope were tired out, and our fresh young sol-diers gave our side the fi-nal vic-to-ry. On No-vem-ber 11, 1918, this aw-ful, wick-ed war was done.

Should the need ev-er come a-gain, which God for-bid, may the men of our coun-try then be as read-y to do their du-ty as the boys were in 1917 and 1918.

When the war was done, came the plans for peace, which should last long and make it im-pos-si-ble for there to be an-y more wars. Pres-i-dent Wil-son had a won-der-ful plan to make all the na-tions on earth in-to one great u-ni-ted na-tion, some-thing as all our states; New York, New Jer-sey, O-hi-o, Cal-i-for-nia and the others are all held to-geth-er in one great U-ni-ted States. Wil-son called his plan "The League of Na-tions," and it was a splen-did i-dea; and in Paris, France, where the peace meet-ing was held, al-most ev-ery-bod-y liked it, but in our own coun-try most of our peo-ple were not quite sure a-bout it. They thought we had bet-ter let the old coun-tries man-age their own busi-ness and not get us mixed up with them, as they were so far a-way and have dif-fer-ent hab-its and lan-guag-es and most ev-ery-thing dif-fer-ent. Our

great George Wash-ing-ton, the "Fath-er of His Coun-try" and our first Pres-i-dent, in a great speech at the close of his life, out of his great wis-dom told us not to mix up in Eu-ro-pe-an af-fairs.

Pres-i-dent Wil-son was trou-bled be-cause all our peo-ple did not like his plan, and he could not get the U-ni-ted States Sen-ate to a-gree to his plan for a "League of Na-tions," and if the Sen-ate did not a-gree, the plan could not be car-ried out.

So Pres-i-dent Wil-son made a trip all ov-er the coun-try to man-y cit-ies in all the states, and he spoke to the peo-ple in all these plac-es and tried to get them to a-dopt his plan; and, while all the peo-ple want-ed to have all wars stopped for-ever, af-ter hav-ing just been through that most aw-ful one, they were not all sure that Pres-i-dent Wil-son's plan for a "League of Na-tions" was the saf-est one. Most of the peo-ple were a-fraid, as George Wash-ing-ton was, of get-ting too much mixed up in Eu-rope's quar-rels and hav-ing to take sides to help some for-eign coun-try with our sol-diers and sail-ors when it was no busi-ness of ours.

Pres-i-dent Wil-son's health broke down on this great trip he made through the coun-try, and had to go back home to the White House in Wash-ing-ton, where he was a sick man, hard-ly a-ble to walk or move, un-til the end of his term as Pres-i-dent, which was March 4, 1921.

He nev-er got well a-gain, and lived qui-et-ly in his own house in Wash-ing-ton, D. C., un-til he died in Jan-u-ary, 1924.

He is buried in a vault in the great ca-the-dral in Wash-ing-ton.

His first wife died in Au-gust, 1914, and in De-cem-ber, 1915, he mar-ried Mrs. E-dith Bol-ling Galt of Wash-ing-ton, D. C.



## WAR-REN GAM-A-LIEL HARD-ING

WAR-REN GAM-A-LIEL HARD-ING was the twenty-ninth Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States. Gam-a-liel is a strange name, but it is a good name, and is from the Bi-ble. A great man-y first names for boys, and girls too, come from the Bi-ble, though per-haps not so much now as in years a-go.

He was born on No-vem-ber 2, 1865, near the vil-lage of Bloom-ing Grove, in the State of O-hi-o. It was hard-ly a vil-lage, just a set-tle-ment in a clear-ing in the woods. His fore-fath-ers had been in A-mer-i-ca since be-fore the Rev-o-lu-tion-ary War, some in the State of Mas-sa-chu-setts, some in Con-nect-i-cut. They did their share in those earl-y days, by mak-ing roads where there had been on-ly In-di-an trails, and ev-en fought with the In-di-ans. They worked hard, and built log cab-ins and tilled the soil so that their chil-dren and grand-chil-dren and great-grand-chil-dren might have homes in this great land we call the U-ni-ted States. From New Eng-land some of Pres-i-dent Hard-ing's an-ces-tors moved west to O-hi-o and there they stopped and stayed for good. His mother was of Hol-land Dutch birth, from a pi-o-neer fam-i-ly in the State of Penn-syl-va-nia. His fath-er was a coun-try doc-tor, as well as a far-mer, and had a good prac-tice a-mong the peo-ple round a-bout, which grew larg-er as more peo-ple came to live near him. He was a-ble to save mon-ey to give his chil-dren good school-ing. He had eight chil-dren, of which War-ren, who was to be our Pres-i-dent,

was the old-est. It is said that his moth-er had a firm faith, from the time he was five years old, that her son would one day be the Pres-i-dent of our coun-try. A great many moth-ers have felt the same way. An-y boy who is born in the U-ni-ted States can be-come Pres-i-dent, but of course on-ly a-bout one out of fif-ty mil-lion boys does reach that great place.

His moth-er saw him a Sen-a-tor and Lieu-ten-ant Gov-er-nor of O-hi-o, but did not live to see him in the great-est place of all.

As the old-est boy, War-ren had to work hard on the farm and help out, as his fath-er was a-way from home a good deal on his doc-tor's vis-its.

He was taught to read at home and could do so when four years old. His earl-y school-ing was at the lit-tle red school-house at Cal-e-do-nia, O-hi-o, where his folks had moved at that time. But as he was the old-est of the children he had most of the care of the farm on his young shoul-ders in the spring and sum-mer, as his fath-er gave more and more time to his doc-tor's work. At four-teen he went to O-hi-o Cen-tral Col-lege at I-ber-ia, O-hi-o. It was called a col-lege in those days, but would be called a high-school now. That was the end of his reg-u-lar school days. He taught school for a lit-tle while. Al-most all of our great men who have be-come Pres-i-dent taught school when they were young men. They did it to earn mon-ey some-times, so they could stud-y more and be-come law-yers. On-ly one of them kept on be-ing a teach-er for years, and that one was Pres-i-dent Wil-son, who was Pres-i-dent just be-fore Hard-ing.

When he was a small lad less than twelve years old, he worked in the of-fice of a news-pa-per called the *Ar-gus*, in his home town of Cal-e-do-nia. He was not tall e-nough to reach up to the print-er's case or bench. A boy in a print-ing

shop is called a "print-er's devvil," per-haps be-cause he can do so much mis-chief. Some-times we have heard lit-tle boys called lit-tle "dev-ils" who were not in print-ers' shops, but could get in-to all kinds of mis-chief just the same.

A "print-er's dev-il" has a dir-ty job; the ink is black and stick-y and gets all ov-er his face and hands and clothes, and he has to clean the type and the press, and run er-rands and do all kinds of chores, but it is a lot of fun at that, and a boy can learn a lot in such a shop. Most boys who be-gin in a print-er's shop nev-er for-get it, and most of them stick to the trade and be-come news-pa-per men, re-port-ers and ed-itors, and make the great dai-ly pa-pers we read ev-ery day with all the news and pic-tures and com-ic pag-es. It is a ver-y ex-cit-ing and in-ter-est-ing busi-ness.

When Hard-ing was nine-teen years old his fam-i-ly moved to Mar-i-on, O-hi-o, and that was his home all the rest of his life. His first job there was on a news-pa-per called the *Mirror*, but he did not stay ver-y long, be-cause he did not get a-long with the boss ver-y well, but as he on-ly got one dol-lar a week sal-a-ry it was not much of a job. He was prom-ised two dol-lars a week, but did not stay long e-nough to get it.

He was then out of work, but he had al-read-y got the i-dea that he must be a news-pa-per man rath-er than an-y-thing else; so he looked a-round and found a small pa-per called the Mar-i-on *Star*, which was soon go-ing to die out be-cause the man who owned it did not make mon-ey e-nough to print it ev-ery day and pay his help. Young Hard-ing knew this, and he talked it ov-er with one of his young friends, and they got a-bout three hun-dred dol-lars, which was a big lot of mon-ey for them to raise, and they had to bor-row from most ev-ery-one they knew to get it. So they bought the pa-per.

All the rest of his life he kept and owned this pa-per, the *Mar-i-on Star*. He worked day and night; he had some ver-y bad years, and man-y times it looked as though he would have to give up, but it was his joy and his pride; he was bound to make it suc-ceed, and gave his whole heart and strength and brain to this work. He did ev-ery kind of work which it takes to make a news-pa-per. He set type, he put the pa-per in the print-ing press; he wrote the news and stor-ies; he got stores to give him ad-ver-tise-ments; he made out the bills, and went a-round to col-lect the mon-ey. Ev-ery-thing a-bout the whole of-fice he could do and did do. The *Mar-i-on Star* af-ter a few years be-gan to be a good pa-per, and ev-ery year it got bet-ter and big-ger, and it made mon-ey; and War-ren Hard-ing, its own-er, be-came one of the lead-ing men in that part of the State of O-hi-o.

When the pa-per had just be-gun to make a lit-tle mon-ey and be a suc-cess, the young ed-i-tor mar-ried Miss Flor-ence Kling, of his own town. She was the daugh-ter of a bank-er who was quite a rich man, and he did not care to have his daugh-ter mar-ry a poor news-pa-per man, but he must have been ver-y proud long years af-ter-ward when that poor boy, the hus-band of his daughter, be-came so great and fa-mous. Mrs. Hard-ing was a won-der-ful wom-an and splen-did wife and help to her hus-band. She took as much pride in the pa-per as he did, and worked on it al-most as hard. The pa-per came out ev-ery af-ter-noon and was sold and tak-en to peo-ple's hous-es by small boys af-ter school hours. Mrs. Hard-ing made her-self the friend of these boys, kept their ac-counts and took full charge of all that part of the busi-ness, which was a most im-por-tant part. Hard-ing al-ways said his wife should have ful-ly half the cred-it for mak-ing the *Star* a suc-cess.



After a few years Hard-ing had be-come so big a man in his own part of O-hi-o that he had to make speech-es on the great top-ics of the day; and he was so hon-est, and the peo-ple thought him so wise, that they e-lect-ed him to go to Co-lum-bus, the cap-i-tal of O-hi-o, as a State Sen-a-tor, to help make good and wise laws for all the peo-ple of his own State of O-hi-o. In ev-ery state the vot-ers from all the towns and cit-ies send their good and wise men to the cap-i-tal cit-y in each state, and there, in a great build-ing called the Cap-i-tol build-ing, they make the rules and laws for all the peo-ple of that state. Some-times a bad or a fool-ish man is e-lect-ed, but he is soon found out and he is nev-er cho-sen a-gain.

Hard-ing was State Sen-a-tor from 1900 to 1904, and in 1904 he was made Lieu-ten-ant Gov-er-nor of the State of O-hi-o, which means he was next to the great-est pub-lic man in his state at that time. The gov-ernor is the great-est man in his state dur-ing his term of of-fice and the lieu-ten-ant gov-er-nor takes his place, should he die or re-sign while he is in of-fice. The gov-er-nor at that time was My-ron T. Her-rick, who was a great man and was af-ter-ward sent to France to be our am-bas-sa-dor there.

In 1914 a still high-er hon-or came to Hard-ing. He was e-lect-ed to be U-ni-ted States Sen-a-tor from O-hi-o. Ev-ery one of the for-ty-eight states which make up our U-ni-ted States sends two of its great-est and best men to Wash-ing-ton, D. C., for a term of six years. Some-times sen-a-tors have been sent for term af-ter term for ov-er twen-ty or thir-ty years. It is one of the high-est hon-ors in the whole coun-try, and these sen-a-tors with the Pres-i-dent in Wash-ing-ton make the laws for the whole U-ni-ted States, and al-so have the pow-er to make war and peace and deal with for-eign coun-

tries, like Eng-land, France, Ger-ma-n-y and It-a-ly, when an-y dis-putes come up.

Hard-ing was sen-a-tor all through the aw-ful World War, which be-gan in Eu-rope in 1914 and which we had to take part in from A-pril, 1917, un-til our sol-diers end-ed the war in No-vem-ber, 1918. All these four years, es-pec-ial-ly the last two—1917 and 1918—were al-most the worst years the whole world had ev-er seen. Mil-lions of young men were killed, wound-ed or blind-ed, bil-lions of dol-lars lost and burned up, and all be-cause some of the great na-tions in far-off Eu-rope were jeal-ous of one an-oth-er. Our coun-try kept out of the aw-ful fight un-til we had to pro-tect our own peo-ple, for some A-mer-i-cans were drowned on ships sunk by sub-marines from Eu-rope with-out an-y warn-ing and a-gainst all the rules of hon-est deal-ing and fair play be-tween na-tions.

If a boy does-n't play fair with you, or cheats or hits be-low the belt or when you are not look-ing, some-one has to teach him to be-have by giv-ing him a good lick-ing.

There were a great man-y ser-i-ous mat-ters which the U-ni-ted States Sen-a-tors had to talk a-bout and set-tle in those years of the war, and Hard-ing was al-ways found in sup-port of our na-tion's rights, and was a great help in those ex-cit-ing days to Pres-i-dent Wil-son, who worked night and day for our coun-try's good. Al-though Hard-ing was a Re-pub-li-can and Wil-son was a Dem-o-crat, they worked to-gether, as did most of our great men at that dread-ful time, to try to do the best and wis-est thing for our own coun-try and to help end the war.

These years of the war while he was a sen-a-tor of the U-ni-ted States gave him a good train-ing for the great place of Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, which he was soon to hold. In 1920 the e-lec-tion for Pres-i-dent was held. Wil-son

had been Pres-i-dent for eight years, and as it is al-most a law that Pres-i-dents should not hold of-fice for more than that, which is two terms in all, the great Dem-o-cratic Par-ty, at a meet-ing in San Fran-cis-co, Cal., chose James M. Cox to run for Pres-i-dent. Cox was at that time the gov-er-nor of O-hi-o, the same state that Hard-ing came from, and a fine man and ver-y pop-u-lar. The Re-pub-li-can Par-ty, to which Hard-ing be-longed all his life, chose him to run for Pres-i-dent, at a meet-ing in Chi-ca-go in June, 1920. There were quite a num-ber of oth-er great men who were vot-ed for in that meet-ing, or con-ven-tion, as it is called, but Hard-ing was al-ways near the top, and in the end all the oth-ers com-bined to choose him.

The e-lec-tion, which took place in No-vem-ber, 1920, was fought out most-ly on the ques-tion of our go-ing in-to a "League of Na-tions," which Pres-i-dent Wil-son want-ed us to do at the end of the World War and be-fore his term as Pres-i-dent had stopped. The i-dea was that all the na-tions of the world should a-gree to help one an-oth-er and try to set-tle all dis-putes with-out an aw-ful war. But a great man-y A-mer-i-cans were a-fraid that it meant that we would be mixed up with a lot of Eu-ro-pe-an coun-tries and their trou-bles, and we might have to send our boys a-cross the o-cean to be killed for some-thing that was no af-fair of ours.

At an-y rate, Cox was much in fa-vor of this "League of Na-tions," while Hard-ing and most of the Re-pub-li-can Par-ty and man-y oth-er vot-ers were not, so Hard-ing was e-lec-ted Pres-i-dent of our coun-try by a great ma-jor-i-ty.

At the same time Cal-vin Cool-idge, who was then gov-er-nor of the State of Mas-sa-chu-setts, was e-lec-ted Vice-Pres-i-dent, lit-tle think-ing that in two short years, by the death of Hard-ing, he was to be-come Pres-i-dent.

Hard-ing be-came Pres-i-dent on March 4, 1921, and dur-

ing the next two years he did all he could to bring our be-lov-ed coun-try back to qui-et and rest af-ter the fear-ful years of the World War. There were great mat-ters to be set-tled, lots of things to be put back in their right ways. Hard-ing went a-bout it wise-ly and pa-tient-ly, but he knew that it would be years be-fore all the harm that had been done could be made good. He took a great deal of pains to make all the peo-ples of the world, es-pec-ial-ly those in Cen-tral and South A-mer-i-ca, think we were their friends and would al-ways help them when we could, and sure-ly he spoke for all of us A-mer-i-cans when he said we want-ed to help Eu-rope to for-get the wick-ed war and once more be hap-py and pros-per-ous.

One of the great things he did as Pres-i-dent was to call all the great na-tions of the world to a meet-ing in Wash-ington, D. C., in 1921, to a-gree to stop build-ing so man-y great war-ships. Ev-ery na-tion was try-ing to build more and bigger war-ships than ev-ery oth-er na-tion at a fear-ful cost of mil-lions and mil-lions of dol-lars which should be spent in bet-ter ways for the good of the peo-ple, like mak-ing good roads, fac-tor-ies and store-hous-es for wheat and corn. The na-tions all a-greed to stop this build-ing of war-ships, and it was a splen-did thing to have got-ten them to do. Let us hope it will last.

In the summer of 1923, Pres-i-dent Hard-ing took a trip to A-las-ka to see that great north-ern part of our coun-try. He made speech-es in man-y cit-ies on his way out and back, and his last one was in the Cit-y of Se-at-tle on July 27. He was tak-en sick with heart trou-ble dur-ing that speech, and he was tak-en to San Fran-cis-co, Cal-i-for-nia, where he was sick, with his wife and great doc-tors at his bed-side, un-til he died on Au-gust 2, 1923.

His bod-y was placed on a spec-ial train in San Fran-cis-co



and tak-en to Wash-ing-ton, D. C. The train stopped or slowed up at man-y towns and sta-tions on the way, while men and wom-en, boys and girls came from their homes and work and schools to stand bare-head-ed and with tears in their eyes while the train passed on its way. At Wash-ing-ton the bod-y was borne to the great hall of the Cap-i-tol by an es-cort of sol-diers and sail-ors, with Gen-er-al Persh-ing and oth-er great gen-er-als at its head, and the great states-man of the coun-try with the two great men then liv-ing who had al-so been Pres-i-dents, Taft and Wilson, to do him honor.

For a few hours in the great hall of the Cap-i-tol thousands of his fel-low cit-i-zens who loved him paid their last trib-ute to the hon-ored, dead.

Hard-ing now lies bur-ied in the lit-tle cem-e-tery in his old home, Mar-i-on, O-hi-o.

His wife, Flor-ence Kling Hard-ing, lived on-ly a short time af-ter. She died in 1924.

## CAL-VIN COOL-IDGE

CAL-VIN COOL-IDGE, the thir-ti-eth Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, was born on Ju-ly 4, 1872, at Plym-outh Notch, a small vil-lage in the State of Ver-mont, a-mong the rock-y hills of that state, which is called the Green Moun-tain State. The vil-lage is twelve miles from the near-est rail-road sta-tion.

His fath-er was John Cal-vin Cool-idge, af-ter whom he was named, but like at least two oth-er of our Pres-i-dents—*Ste-phen* Gro-ver Cleve-land and *Thom-as* Wood-row Wil-son—he left off his first name, John, when he was a young man, and af-ter that was called Cal-vin Cool-idge. He was al-ways dig-ni-fied, and per-haps he thought peo-ple might call him “Jack,” and that would nev-er do for one who was to be Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States, but of course he did not know that at the time; so why he left off John, a fine, good name which so man-y boys are proud of, seems strange. His moth-er was Vic-to-ria Cool-idge, and all his fam-i-ly for years be-fore, his grand-fath-er, great-grand-fath-er and oth-ers far back all lived in Ver-mont or oth-er parts of New Eng-land. His fam-i-ly is a-bout as near-ly pure A-mer-i-can by birth as can be. There are man-y oth-er fam-i-lies in the hills of Ver-mont and New Hamp-shire, and the towns and cit-ies of Mas-sa-chu-setts and Con-nect-i-cut that are the same, and man-y of their rel-a-tives went out to the great West and made the great states there.

These were the fam-i-lies long years a-go that built the

roads ov-er the hills and through the woods, oft-en hav-ing to fight the sav-age In-di-ans to save their lit-tle homes, where there were on-ly a few small set-tle-ments and they were far a-part. It was these pi-o-neers, as we call them, who made a na-tion out of the sav-age wil-der-ness in the east-ern part of A-mer-i-ca, and sent some of their sons and daugh-ters slow-ly to the great West to make the new-er states, like O-hi-o, Il-li-nois, Kan-sas and I-o-wa. They were a brave peo-ple, strong and hard-work-ing, and they made the be-gin-nings of our U-ni-ted States, the great-est, free-est, rich-est and best land in all this world to-day.

Cal-vin Cool-idge had the us-u-al life of a boy on a farm; he did the chores, helped make ma-ple syr-up, milked the cows, mowed the hay, and put in long spring and sum-mer days with-out much play or hol-i-day. His fath-er was one of the most re-spected men a-bout, and, be-sides his farm, kept a small store where young Cool-idge (he was "young John" then) al-so helped.

He went to the lit-tle vil-lage school for the short time it kept in the win-ter, and after a while, as his fath-er could af-ford it, he went to a-cad-e-mies or high-schools at Black Riv-er, Ver-mont, and Saint Johns-bur-y, Ver-mont, not so far a-way from his home. He was a pret-ty good schol-ar, not the head of his ci-ss, but al-ways get-ting good marks and hard-ly ev-er be-ing pun-ish-ed for mis-chief, though as he was a red-head-ed boy it is pret-ty safe to say he once in a while might have got-ten in-to a lit-tle fight back of the school-house fence, like most oth-er reg-u-lar boys.

In 1891 he went to Am-herst Col-lege, which is in Am-herst, Mas-sa-chu-setts, not far from the Cit-y of North-amp-ton, which was af-ter-ward to be his home. He worked at dif-fer-ent jobs in his off-hours at col-lege, to get mon-ey to pay

his way, so that he did not have time to take much part in base-ball or foot-ball or some of the oth-er sports that most boys like at col-lege; but he was work-ing hard at his stud-ies in his qui-et way and had the re-spect of all the oth-er stu-dents though he did not mix with them so ver-y much, un-til a-bout his last year at col-lege, when they grew to know him more and liked him, and he be-came one of the lead-ers of his class. He was al-ways shy, al-most bash-ful; he talked ver-y lit-tle and kept so much to him-self that it was hard for the other boys at first to know how smart and clev-er and wit-ty he was. He made a spec-ial stud-y of his-to-ry, and in his last year at col-lege won a gold med-al for an es-say, on "The Prin-ci-ples of the A-mer-i-can Rev-o-lu-tion," which sure-ly was a big sub-ject for an-y young man to write a-bout, and which on-ly a stu-dent who had worked hard and read man-y books could do.

When he left col-lege, Cal-vin Cool-idge be-gan to stud-y to be a law-yer in his home town of North-amp-ton, a beau-ti-ful lit-tle cit-y on the Con-nect-i-cut Riv-er, with great old elm trees spread-ing their branch-es ov-er the qui-et streets. He stud-ied so well that in less than two years he was made a law-yer ("ad-mit-ted to the bar," as it is called), in 1897.

Like man-y young men who are law-yers, he pret-ty soon be-gan to take an ac-tive in-ter-est in pol-i-tics, or pub-lic af-fairs, as it might bet-ter be called. For ten years he was cho-sen to pub-lic of-fic-es by the peo-ple of his cit-y, who had learned to know him through and through. His neigh-bors knew his hon-es-ty and cour-age, and were proud of his wis-dom, which grew ev-ery year, as he kept up his stud-ies and read man-y books, and made speech-es on all the great ques-tions the peo-ple want-ed to know a-bout. He was a ver-y good speak-er, and the peo-ple al-ways liked to hear him, and be-lieved he spoke the truth.



After many other high offices in his city and state, such as only a great and good man could keep on having by the votes of his neighbors and the folks who knew him best, in 1916 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the great State of Massachusetts, which made him the second greatest man in his state in public life. Then in 1919 he was elected Governor, the highest honor a man can get in his own state.

While he was governor he had to be in the City of Boston, which is the capital of the State of Massachusetts, and where the State House is, which is the place where the governor and the state senators and representatives meet to make the laws for that state. In September, 1919, the police force of Boston, led by some foolish men, decided to go on a "strike," which means to stop doing the work they were hired to do and were paid for, and that work was the very important thing of keeping the city free from thieves and rowdies. No city or town can get along without policemen, for there are always a few bad people who may do much harm, but never before had any police anywhere in the world gone on strike. They had sworn to protect the people.

Governor Coolidge told them their work was different from any other kind of work, in guarding lives and property, and he made the famous speech that "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere or any time." On the night of September 9, 1919, the police did go on strike, and Boston had one of the most dreadful nights any city has ever had. Robbery, murder, fire, assault and almost all kinds of crimes were done by the bad men, who knew there were no policemen to stop them. The next morning Governor Coolidge called out all the soldiers of the state and brought them in a hurry to Boston, and also

called in the U-ni-ted States Ar-my and Na-vy troops near Bos-ton to help, if he should need them. The strike was stopped at once, and the po-lice-men went back on du-ty, except a few of the lead-ers who had giv-en the bad ad-vice to strike.

Gov-er-nor Cool-idge was praised by all good peo-ple all ov-er the U-ni-ted States, who knew the laws should be o-beyed, and ev-ery hon-est man felt saf-er be-cause there was such a gov-er-nor as Cool-idge. He knew his du-ty and was brave e-nough to do it quick-ly and well.

A lit-tle lat-er there was an-oth-er e-lec-tion for gov-er-nor and Cool-idge was a-gain cho-sen, with man-y more votes than be-fore, which proved how much the peo-ple liked this fear-less and hon-est man.

In June, 1920, the great Re-pub-li-can Par-ty held a meet-ing to choose men whom they would vote for to be Pres-i-dent and Vice-Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States for the four-year term from March 4, 1921, to March 4, 1925. All the men at that meet-ing who were from his home state, Mas-sa-chu-setts, and man-y more from oth-er states vot-ed to make Cool-idge the man for Pres-i-dent, but af-ter some time they chose Warren G. Hard-ing from O-hi-o to run for Pres-i-dent. Then they chose Cool-idge to be the one to run for Vice-Pres-i-dent, ev-ery-body in the meet-ing choos-ing him for that place. A great man-y thought it should have been the oth-er way, Cool-idge for Pres-i-dent and Hard-ing for Vice-Pres-i-dent, but they were both great and good men who were loved in their own homes and states, and who had proved to the whole coun-try their right to have these great hon-ors.

The Vice-Pres-i-dent must at once take the place of the Pres-i-dent if the Pres-i-dent should die in of-fice, and as it has hap-pened five times in the his-to-ry of the U-ni-ted States,

that the Pres-i-dent has died be-fore his term was ov-er and the Vice-Pres-i-dent has had to take his place, a man is al-ways cho-sen for Vice-Pres-i-dent who is just as good and wise as the man cho-sen for Pres-i-dent, for no one knows when the Vice-Pres-i-dent may have to take the high-er place.

Pres-i-dent Hard-ing died when on-ly half his term was through. He had made a trip to A-las-ka, and on his way back be-came ill with heart trou-ble and died in San Fran-cis-co, Cal-i-for-nia in Au-gust, 1923.

Cal-vin Cool-idge on that day was spend-ing his va-ca-tion in Plym-outh, Ver-mont, at his fath-er's home, next door to the house where he was born. The news of Pres-i-dent Hard-ing's death came to him at mid-night, brought by some news-pa-per-men who had rushed in an au-to-mo-bile from the near-est rail-road sta-tion twelve miles a-way. There was no tel-e-phone or tel-e-graph or ra-di-o in the vil-lage of Plym-outh, it was so far back in the hills. Cool-idge was wak-ened from his sleep, and in the plain old-fash-ioned par-lor or sit-ting-room of the lit-tle New Eng-land farm-house, with on-ly the light of a ker-o-sene lamp, his own fath-er, who was a jus-tice of the peace, ad-min-is-tered the oath of of-fice which made him Pres-i-dent. They stood by the side of a sim-ple ta-ble, on which lay the old fam-i-ly Bi-ble with all its rec-ords of his birth and his mar-riage and his chil-dren's births.

There was no pa-rade, no sol-diers, no great crowd of peo-ple, on-ly the sim-ple plain old farm-house and a great man born there and now raised to the great-est place in the world. That is one of the things our coun-try means. Ev-ery boy has a chance to be-come great and hon-ored, no mat-ter wheth-er he was born on a poor rock-y farm back in the hills or in a great cit-y and rich par-ents.

Cool-idge left for Wash-ing-ton, D. C., ear-ly the next

day, and took up the pow-ers and the cares and bur-dens that be-long to a Pres-i-dent. He made few chang-es in the plans of Pres-i-dent Hard-ing and the great pow-er passed to its new head with-out an-y ques-tion or dis-play. It was a most won-der-ful proof of the free-dom our land is blessed with, and that there are al-ways great and good men in our coun-try who are read-y for the great work of lead-ing us when they are called.

In June, 1924, at Cleve-land, O-hi-o, the Re-pub-li-can Par-ty chose Cool-idge for Pres-i-dent for four years from 1925 to 1929. Al-most ev-ery vote at that con-ven-tion was for him. When the e-lec-tion came in No-vem-ber, 1924, Cool-idge was e-lect-ed Pres-i-dent by a great ma-jor-i-ty, al-though the Dem-o-crat-ic Par-ty had named John W. Da-vis of the State of West Vir-gin-ia, and the Pro-gres-sive Par-ty named Rob-ert M. La Fol-ette of the State of Wis-con-sin. Neith-er of them had the slight-est chance a-gainst Cool-idge, who had so well proved his hon-es-ty and cour-age and wis-dom in ev-ery of-fice he had ev-er held.

Pres-i-dent Cool-idge had a great loss when his young-er son, Cal-vin, Ju-nior, a fine boy of four-teen years, died in 1924. The whole coun-try gave its sym-pa-thy, as ev-ery fam-i-ly could feel what it was to lose a son. Cal-vin Cool-idge's moth-er died when he was twelve years old, but a de-vot-ed step-moth-er loved him as her own son. He oft-en paid trib-ute, which you felt came straight from his heart, to what he owed to the love of these two no-ble wom-en, who made a good boy in those Ver-mont hills, who was to grow in-to a great man.

THE END.





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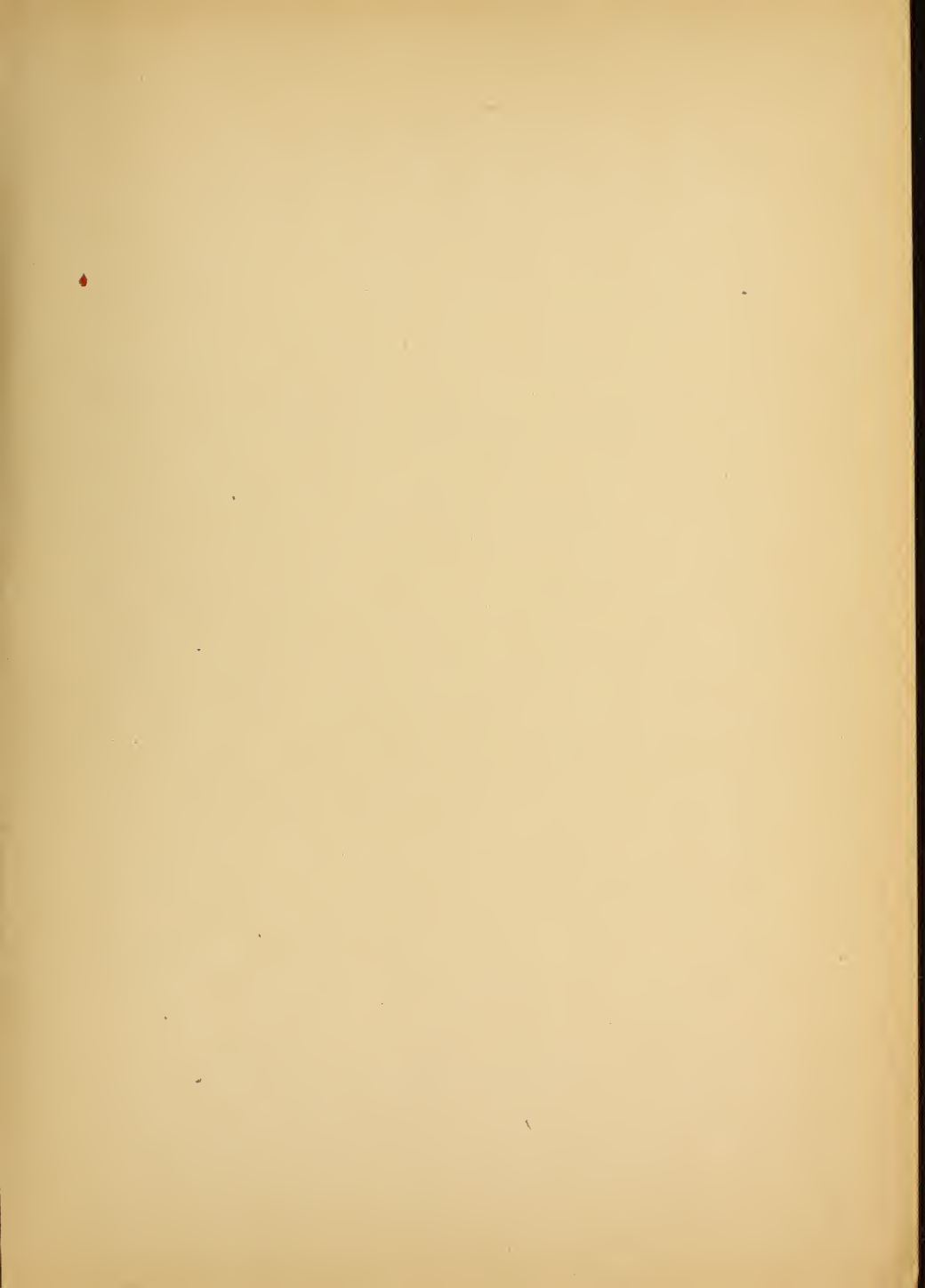
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